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THE NATION'S POLICE GAZETTE

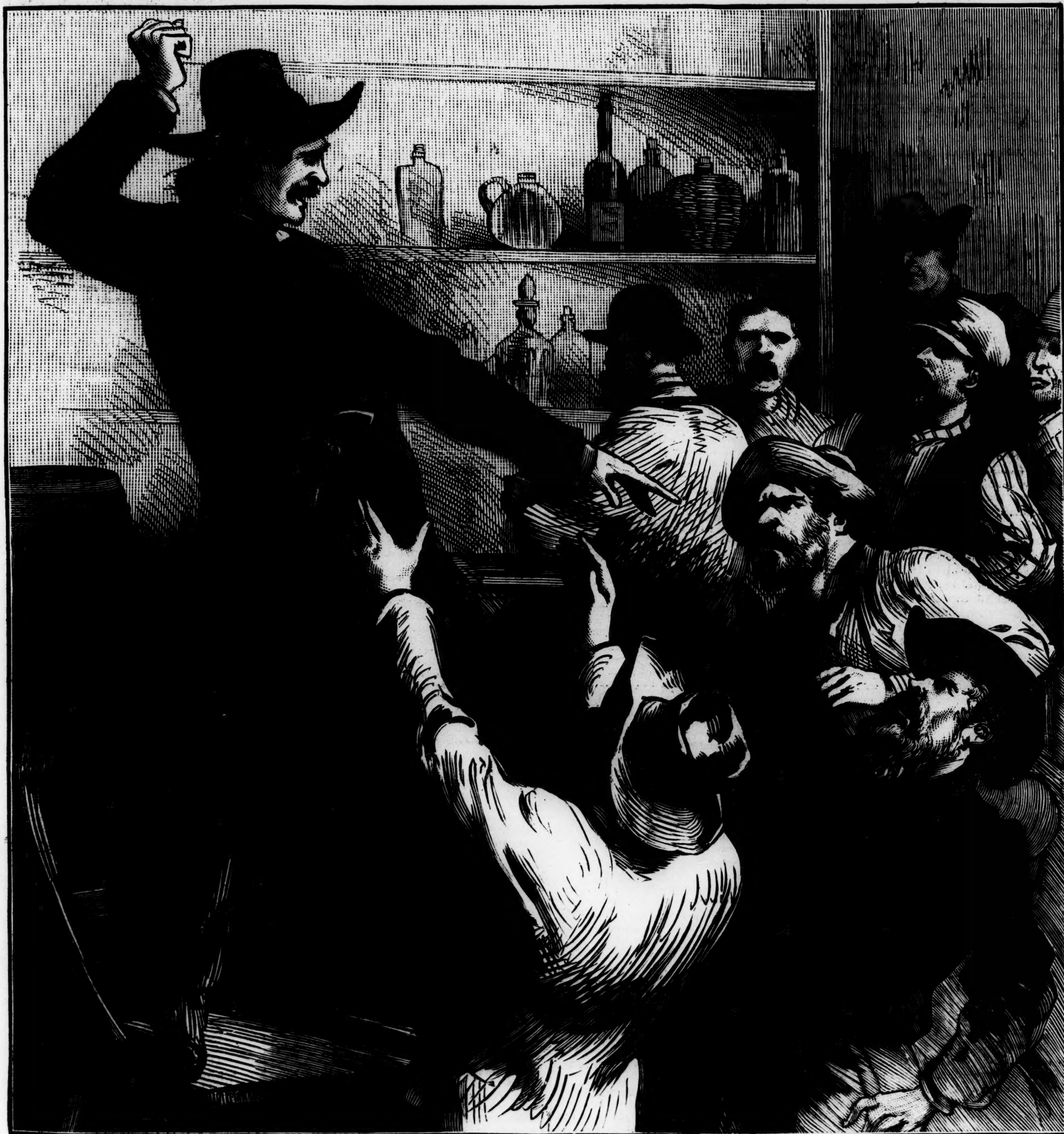
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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1886.

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A ROUGH AND READY MISSIONARY.

LAMPASAS JAKE, THE CONVERTED COWBOY OF NEW MEXICO, INTRODUCES THE SUBJECT OF RELIGION TO AN ASTONISHED AUDIENCE OF WHISKEY TUBS AND TEXAS CATTLE RANCHERS.



RICHARD K. FOX, - Editor and Proprietor.
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1886.

TO NEWS AGENTS, POSTMASTERS, ETC.

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FASHIONABLE PUGILISM.

The art of fencing has for a time retained its place among the accomplishments of gentlemen. Recently it has been "knocked out" by the manly art of pugilism. Amateur matches are becoming quite common. The "hoodlum" has been crowded to the rear by a young man of "genteel dress" and "genteel associations," who is not only ready and eager to "knock out" his "genteel young friend," but is ready to stand up before a professional and be knocked through the various stages of pugilistic tuition. A young dentist who is giving lessons has something to say of the inconvenience of teaching ladies. He told a visitor that he did not enjoy giving the lessons because he was in constant fear of accidentally injuring his pupils. Of course he dare not inflict any "punishment" for carelessness, and the girls were often so intractable that he lost patience with them. A lawn-tennis suit, with a well-padded jersey, is the usual costume. The skirts are, of course, short, so that the legs can have full play. The gloves are of the medium size, but always require much making over. Into the fingers and thumbs is inserted a castor glove, about one size larger than that usually worn by the lady. The kid fingers of the boxing gloves are cut off at the knuckle, so that the castor-covered fingers may protrude. This enables the lady to close her fingers easily, thus retaining the glove firmly on her hands. This alteration in the gloves is rendered necessary by the universal inclination among women to strike with the hand open.

It would seem that many alterations would be necessary beside those in gloves. Some very radical changes might be called in the rules now existing, but the most interesting question would be that of locating the belt. In the case of the female pugilist it might be found most defensive when adjusted to the neck. That a woman of average vanity would submit to having her face disfigured, is not probable, and it can scarcely be doubted that in a struggle between vanity and ambition, ambition must give way. On the whole, the outlook is not very hopeful for the sex, but one thing is quite clear, viz., the disposition of women to at least keep the procession in sight.

THE GOULD MASSACRE.

The blood of every man and woman killed at Fort Worth and East St. Louis is upon Jay Gould's head. Had he carried out in good faith the promises he made to Grand Master Powderly, all the strikers would by this time have been at work, and peace and industry would again be in the ascendant all along the Gould Southwestern system of railroads. But he preferred to act with the consummate duplicity that is natural to him, and found a faithful lieutenant in Hoxie, whose attitude toward the workmen from the first seems to have been that of a man who believes in grinding labor and crushing all manly feeling. The unfortunate men thus goaded to desperation by the deceit and double-dealing practiced by Gould, who confidently relied upon his faithful lieutenant, have been driven to an extreme that their best friends must regret. By all means disorder, tumult, and destruction of property are to be avoided as making for Gould and lessening the sympathy of the country for the struggling workmen. But, at the same time, it would be a good thing for the Pharisees who are now loud in denouncing the workmen, to remember that the American revolution began with a little destruction of property—to wit, the dumping of certain cargoes of tea into Boston harbor. Property, we all know, is a sacred thing, better protected as a rule than human flesh and blood, but it is a painful fact that when it is exposed in a shower—or a riot—it is apt to get a little damaged.

STAGE WHISPERS.

John T. Raymond's correct name is Jerry T. O'Brien.

Grace Hawthorne is touring Colorado with success.

And Henry Irving's son is to go on the stage! My! Golly!

Harry Taylor's new managers' Exchange opens in New York May 1.

Rose Lisle has applied for a divorce from her husband, Val. E. Love.

Ed. Traynor, of Wheatley and Traynor, died in Dublin, Ireland, March 22.

Kate Castleton was sick and unable to appear in Washington City last week.

Joe Dowling, of "Nobody's Claim" fame, has bought a nice home at Mount Clemens, Mich.

George Manning, a variety performer, is in the Chicago jail charged with the theft of an overcoat.

The Juvenile Mikado Company went to pieces, and small ones at that, in Richmond, Ind., last week.

Marie Prescott, the actress, says: "Social equality is impossible off the stage; it is less attainable on it."

Patti will spend the honeymoon at Craig-E-Nos Castle, Wales. She will be Nicolini's Patty-Sing forever.

Pauline Hall will go to England next month with the Adonis Company, taking the place of Miss Emma Carson.

Should Miss Mary Anderson ever appear as a prima donna it will be as Maria Anderson or Parthenia Ingomare.

Harrigan will not take off his "Leather Patch" until July. It will then be warm enough to replace with linen.

Miss Helen Dauvray, it is about decided, will travel through the country next season instead of remaining in New York.

The "Girl with the Glass Eye" seems to have an eye to business. Solomon in all his glory cannot compare with her.

Flora Stirk, aged eleven, of the well-known Sirk family, died in New York on the second of congestion of the lungs.

They have a variety theatre in Los Angeles, Cal., and when there are no matinees the girls hire out to pick oranges.

Frank Bowers, of the Wages of Sin Company, has just been elected to the President's chair—of the New York "Turnover" Club.

Den Thompson's new play, a sequel to "Joshua Whitcomb," was produced for the first time in Boston last week, and was a go.

George Hoey has written a new play called "Keep it Dark." That's just what Jim Hardie says when you mention "A Child of the State."

A revival meeting in Chicago the other morning was opened with a hymn entitled "Jesus is Calling," but sung to the air of "Til Willow."

It is said that when Mrs. Potter read "Ostler Joe" in Washington, some of the ladies present were seen to blush almost to their waists.

Adolph Neundorff, the Director of the Grand German Opera Company, will have charge of "The Meiningers" during their American tour.

Salvini will take away from the country about \$40,000. It is reckoned by one of his intimates that out of the \$40,000 not more than \$1,200 will stick here.

The idea of an elaborate monument to John McCullough has been abandoned, and instead, a plain shaft will be erected, with a life-size figure of the actor.

Harry Hyams is singing Baxter's new popular ballad, "Where the Rainbows Never Fade." It is a "taker" with audiences and a professional favorite.

An Ohio country paper, in noticing the lecture of Miss Kate Field, says they were captivated by the "girl" lecturer. Oh, my, oh my! She is thirty years more than seventeen.

By the burning of the variety theatre of Butte City, Montana, Andy McKee, the song and dance man, reports that he lost the trombone part of the music of "Slippery Day."

The Appellate Court of Chicago has decided that George Middleton, the museum manager, need not pay \$200 a month alimony to his divorced wife, as the lower court had ruled.

Lydia Thompson has had lots of experience, and her latest venture is probably the best she has ever known. "Oxygen" has made a wonderful hit, and the fair Lydia is to be congratulated.

It is current gossip that Jennie Yeamans is experiencing matrimonial sorrow, and that she may seek relief from the wifely duties she owes to C. M. Lester. The "Parlor Match" brought it all about.

Matthew Daly, of the Four Shamrocks, died at 157 1/2 Bowery, New York, on April 1, after a brief and severe attack of pleuro-pneumonia. He was twenty-seven years old, and leaves a wife and child six years old.

Annie Yeamans has retired as financial backer to the Lester and Williams "Parlor Match" company, and their season was closed owing a good sum to Mrs. Yeamans, who paid well to have her daughter star.

John H. Russell is negotiating with Miss Jeffreys-Lewis in regard to taking her out on a starring tour next season under his management. She will probably secure the right from Fanny Davenport to play "Fedora."

David B. Bedell, formerly connected with Charley Reed's Minstrels, and lately with the Widow O'Brien Company, accidentally and fatally shot himself with a shotgun while hunting at Colusa, Cal. His remains were sent East for burial.

Nat Goodwin, at a dinner party at which

Henry Irving was present, was giving his imitations of actors, and was asked to give one of "Enery." "I won't chance it," said Nat. "No man likes himself when he sees himself in another man."

Maggie Mitchell has a new play. The heroine is a young and very animated person, who talks slang, switches her skirts saucily, and is generally a pert soubrette. The discovery of Maggie Mitchell and the discovery of gold in California were coincidental.

The New York "Dispatch" says: "Great Scott! the horrible rumor is afloat that Alvin Joslin is actually the sole and single author of a new four-act play, which he has written for his own use. He has so constructed it that he will need no company to support him. There are six characters in the cast, and he plays them all."

The Newport, Ky., man who went to a Kansas town to run a variety theatre, has returned to stay. He says there were but five bald-headed men in the place, and though they cleverly paid double admission prices and attended every night and two matinees a week, the income was about seventeen times smaller than the outgoes, and he had to quit.

Lotta has not been doing so well this year as in the past. The public insist upon taking her to be older than she is, and there is a material decrease in receipts compared with what used to be her record. She works away as hard as ever, though, and is as anxious for the excitement of the stage. This really accounts for continuing this hard life when she has a fortune in her own hands already of three quarters of a million.

"We, Us & Co." is played out, and Mestayer and his company are reported to "go in" this week. This result has been precipitated by Gus Bruno's (the Duke) kicking for a higher salary, and a similar case of b. h. on the part of Dr. Mu's, Medicus Hawkins. It being too late in the season to reorganize, Mestayer will try to satisfy the gentlemen by stopping all salaries. "Tobogganing" will be the card next season.

Charley Day, press agent of Sells' Circus, tells the following: "Some clowns are rather fresh in taking liberties with the audience. One particularly offensive Joey got a set-back that lasted him for the season. He called out to a gentleman who was moving toward the doorway: 'Hold on a minute, don't be in a hurry, we are going to kill a hog in a minute.' The patron turned and responded: 'I don't want to see you commit suicide.'"

They are telling the following in New York on Ed. Rice and John Stetson: Rice one day sent a messenger down to Stetson, post haste, to borrow \$2,500. "Hand me my check-book, quick," exclaimed Stetson, as he read the note.

"But," urged his bookkeeper, "you are not in such a hurry to lend to Rice. He has nothing to pay with." "Hand me that check book," commanded Stetson. "If he comes down here he'll make it \$5,000."

A Western variety ham has enjoyed a cheap trip across the continent. He traveled from San Francisco to Chicago on a first-class limited ticket, which cost him only \$4.50. The scalpers had bought it to speculate on, but had not succeeded in selling it, and the last day to travel on it had arrived, and the last boat was almost ready to start. Just before the gang-plank was drawn up the player offered \$4.50, the offer was accepted, and he rushed aboard.

Lewis Morrison left an excellent position two years ago at Wallack's theatre to go out to San Francisco and play a part in some new play. Then he got attacked by an old mania for starriness. It resulted as usual. He lost all the money he saved up in his engagement of twenty weeks, and then had to part with the beautiful residence he had built for himself and wife, Rose Wood, on the New Jersey coast below Long Branch. He is still vainly attempting to get back some of the money he has lost, but it seems to be a hopeless task.

The friends of John Mackay refuse to accept his declaration of a testimonial performance in New York city. They have engaged the Academy of Music, against Mr. Mackay's protest, and will there present an entertainment on the afternoon of Tuesday, April 20. The prime mover in it is Mr. Henry Dixey, who wishes to be connected with the affair, and feels that he must do it before he starts for Europe. It is proposed to have Mr. Dixey play "Macbeth" and Mr. Mackay "Lady Macbeth" in the dagger scene from that tragedy. This alone suggests such possibilities of fun that it should be able to fill the house.

There has been a break between Jennie Yeamans and her husband which has led to her secession from the "Parlor Match" party. Miss Yeamans tells a sad story of neglect and cold and inhuman treatment on the part of her husband, C. M. Lester, and is said to be now in legal consultation for the severance of her marital bond. The origin of the trouble is said to have been an ill-feeling between Manager E. L. Williams and Miss Yeamans, which her husband did not espouse her cause as warmly as he should. In other words, Jennie wanted to boss the show. And her mother has withdrawn her financial backing from the show.

Miss Fortescue, Lord Cairns' "rejected," has carried Oxford masherdom off its base, and apparently reduced it to the most abject enthusiasm. The undergraduates shower her and the stage with bouquets tied up with blue and yellow ribbons, and dons, tutors, "coaches" and "men" are raving over one of her "Gretchen" frocks, to whose fascination not all the eloquence of Oxford can do justice. Milford objected to this fair creature on two grounds. One was her untidiness, the other that she deceived him as to her years, but both these faults have since been remedied. Miss Fortescue has caught up to her age, and now combs her bang into proper subjection.

It is not generally understood that the "Three Little Maids from School" business in the "Mikado" is a neat travesty of a very common English custom. Mr. Gilbert having satirized nearly every phase of British character, seized on this domestic peculiarity of English sisters always being seen together in couples or trios, and though he did not dress them alike, he made them do the same things and echo each other just as they do in real life. Now the "Mikado" has directed attention to these eternal threes, everybody is saying the London girls are copying Gilbert's idea; whereas, it is nothing of that kind, they are simply going about in trios as they have done from time immemorial.

OUR PICTURES.

The Chief Events of the Week Pictorially Delineated.

The Floods in Cincinnati.

Elsewhere we illustrate a street scene in Cincinnati during the recent floods.

A Death Drop.

The fearful and fatal accident on the Fitchburg, Mass., railroad is illustrated on another page.

Lampasas Jake.

We illustrate this week one of the extraordinary revival meetings conducted in New Mexico by the famous converted cowboy, "Lampasas Jake."

The Railroad Revolution.

We give a great deal of space this week to illustrations of the desperate conflict waged in and near St. Louis between the minions of Jay Gould and the Knights of Labor.

Matthews vs. Brady.

We illustrate the great fist encounter between Dick Matthews and Jack Brady for the heavy-weight championship of the Pacific slope in this week's issue. A full report from our regular correspondent appeared in (No. 448) our last issue.

Sunday on a Ranch.

When a new hand first comes to a cow ranch in Wyoming Territory the boys find where he comes from, and if he has ever ridden any, and if he has not, or knows nothing about cattle, the boys immediately proceed to toy with him. For instance, they tell him that he never will make a cowboy until he can ride a cow and roll a cigarette at the same time. When Sunday comes they go out and catch a cow and saddle her. Then the victim puts on a pair of spurs and starts in to ride her. She stands quiet enough until he spurs her, and then the consequences are illustrated in our sketch.

Whipped by Moonshiners.

Mr. B. C. Coyle, an old and respected citizen of Dalton, Ga., who has been working in the gold mines upon Cohutta mountain, in Murray county, was taken at night by twelve masked men and severely beaten. Two women were also taken from the house where he was boarding and were severely whipped, one of them, a young woman, fainting under the severe and brutal treatment. Mr. Coyle was taken off some distance and stripped of his clothing, and his body was literally gashed from head to foot. The reason they gave for whipping him was that he had been reporting upon them for running illicit distilleries, and the women were whipped for the same reason.

A Disgraceful Brawl.

A gay party at 92 Lafayette street, Louisville, Ky., was abruptly brought to a close the other night. John King, alias John Smith, and several of his friends were in the house drinking beer and wine. All were intoxicated, and Frankie Pierce, an inmate of the house, asked King to buy another bottle of beer. For answer he cursed her, and threatened to knock her down. The woman seized a beer bottle and struck King over the head. With the remains of the bottle still in her hand she struck him twice again, each time the jagged glass sinking deep into his face and head. King broke away from the women and ran out into the street, where he yelled and cursed, while his body was covered with the blood from his wounds.

Delirium Tremens Afloat.

A man dressed in a seedy black suit jumped into the North River at Hubert street, about 8:45 A. M., April 12th. Policeman Bliel of the steamboat squad jumped in after him, and although the man tried to get away, caught him after he had swam about a block, and despite his struggles, landed him with the assistance of the captain of a neighboring ice boat, who had a boat hook handy. If Bliel were not one of the most expert swimmers on the force he would have fallen in his undertaking. As it was, he found the rescue the most difficult job he ever had, and he wears not a few medals as proof that he has saved people from drowning.

The man who was saved said he was Patrick Rooney, a bookkeeper, 40 years old, out of work and homeless. He said he had a friend named Bryan Rooney, on Forty-eighth street, near Sixth avenue. He was suffering from violent delirium tremens.

The Little Violet Girl.

George R. Evans, who keeps a drug store on Chestnut street, Philadelphia, was arrested the other day for refusing to remove the little girl from his show window who sits all day on a red plush piano stool weighing powdered perfume and putting it into packages. The order was issued because the little violet girl, as she is called, is pretty, and her little lavender-colored dress, her golden hair and the crown of artificial violets and the big blue eyes drew a crowd all day long on the sidewalk in front of the drug store. The innocent cause of all this fuss is twelve years old and lives with her widowed mother at 614 Christian street. Little Lizzie is an actress. She made her first appearance before the footlights two years ago, and when the "Ratcatcher" was recently played at the Chestnut street theatre she took the leading little girl part. Her salary under druggist Evans is more than it was on the stage. She gets \$5 a week and likes being looked at by so many people.

An Independent Female.

A middle-aged woman with good address and more than average intelligence, sat in the smoking room of a Pullman, on a Louisville and Nashville train, with a fragrant Havana in her mouth and discussed almost every subject, displaying a surprising amount of information. But this festive female also indulged somewhat from a small flask which contained whiskey. She lighted one cigar after another, and entertained three or four male occupants of the apartment with her experiences. There was nothing obscene or indecent in her conversation, but she refused to tell her name. She is the agent of a patent railroad switch and lives in Texas with a husband and her eighteen-year-old daughter. The conductor of the car knew her well. He said, "She has been traveling over this road a great deal. I never saw anything wrong about her except a propensity for the weed. Her acquaintanceship with strange men never goes beyond a friendly smoke and a lively talk. She is a great jester, and declares her daughter shall never marry a man who does not smoke."

THIS WICKED WORLD.

A Few Samples of Man's Duplicity and Woman's Worse than Weakness.

GRIST FROM THE DEVIL'S MILL.



Miss "Mac" Watts.

The usually very quiet neighborhood of Crichton, Brunswick County, N. J., has been thrown into an excitement by the finding of the lower half of the body of a male colored infant, hidden in the woods near the town.

The child, which the doctors claim was about twelve days old, had been cut in two with an axe or hatchet, and the two parts of the body hidden in different places, the upper half has not been found. Upon the assembling of the coroner's jury, suspicion pointed to a bright, nearly white young colored girl, Miss "Mac" Watts, as being the fiendish murderer as well as the mother of the child, she was at once arrested and brought up for a preliminary hearing. It is not known at this writing what disposition will be made of her case.

She refused to make any confession, but as the evidence is so conclusive against her, she will probably be sent on to the grand jury. Her portrait appears at the head of this column.

Fair Lillian.

The New York Star says that the first act of a pretty drama was enacted last week in a law office on Centre street. A little lawyer with a big, bald head and a twinkling eye, sat calmly contemplating his little feet, that reposed upon the top of a desk in front of him. He was whistling merrily, while thinking of the cases which he has on hand which give prospects of big fees.



Making up the Case.

A knock was heard on the door, and the small feet suddenly resume their normal place under the table, while their owner cried, "Come in." A dejected-looking young man, not much bigger than the lawyer, entered, and, throwing himself into a chair, exclaimed with a long-drawn sigh, "Good day, Abe. Hope you're well."

Hummel—Pretty well, Teddy, my boy. Dear me, what is the matter with you? You don't want another divorce, surely. When half the city is jealous of your good luck in winning Mrs. Solomon, you should look happy.

Teddy Solomon—For goodness sake don't joke about it. I don't know whether I shall have a divorce suit to place in your hands or not.

Hummel (jokingly)—What kind of talk is that for a bridegroom, whom I helped to get married myself. In these words of the bard:

"Let's fill up our glasses with old treacle and ink, And everything else that is nasty to drink."

And drive dull care away. Brace up, old man."

Solomon—I can't brace up. I am too unhappy. I have had a quarrel with my wife, who has left my bed and board and vows she will never return. That mother of hers has put her up to all this. You know that when I first returned from Europe I was beset by my wife's creditors. Every letter I opened proved a bill against Lillian Russell; every tradesman I met spoke to me of her debts. I was making money, and gradually paid up everything. Then we started on the road under the management of C. D. Hess. Every town we struck some creditor of Mr. Hess got an attachment against our receipts. We finally reached Columbus, Ohio, where we ran up a hotel bill we were unable to pay. When we left, our trunks and a bill



Another bill!

against us for \$300 remained behind. We had a bad season and were not able to redeem the trunks, which contain my scores and other valuable manuscripts, the result of several years of hard labor, and my wife's wardrobe. I have just brought out "Pepita" at the Union Square. It is a big success, but I can't get a cent of the money until Mr. Hill takes out the \$10,000 he has invested and the \$1,400 he advanced to me. My wife receives a salary of \$300 a week. I want her to draw enough money in advance to settle the hotel debt, as the landlord threatens to sell our trunks unless paid at least half of the bill. Lillian refused to listen to me. She got mad when I told her she was too extravagant in spending every cent she received, and left my house to go and live with her mother. This trouble is a Nemesis pursuing me for my treat-

ment of my first wife, whom I now regret having abused, even if she did beat me occasionally."



Lillian wouldn't listen.

As the boyish composer says this, he seems inclined to whimper, but bravely restrains. The scene shifts to the adjoining office in the same legal establishment and the time is a few minutes later. A beautiful woman is addressing a not handsomely stout man.

"Mr. Howe, I'm right now, ain't I? There's no reason I should want to get the trunk with a few old dresses of mine in, is there? I'm just too mad for anything. Can I get a divorce? I don't intend to put up with the conceited little fellow any longer. He wrote me a note this morning asking me to make up, but I won't do it, so there."

The second act of the play is located in the Union Square theatre, and transpires in the evening. The audience tumultuously applauds as fair Lillian Russell, clad in most suggestive lightness, trips down to the front of the stage to sing. The orchestra strikes up the first notes of the prelude, and the leader, the little man who whilom visited the lawyer's office, looks up and sees the pretty actress making faces at him. He grows red in the face and begins beating the measure softly. The song calls for quick, vivacious singing, but the leader starts out with slow cadence. The woman tries to sing merrily and fast, but cannot, and the song falls quite flat. She runs back, mad as a wet hen, and takes into her confidence a woman who fills a subordinate position in the opera.

"I never saw any one act so ugly in my life as he is doing. I'm just ready to cry about it. He has spoiled the effect of my best song. I'll get even with him yet, see if I don't. I've slighted all the most available men in New York for the ugly little brute, but I won't disregard my mother's advice again in a hurry. I've been suffering the greatest straits of poverty since I got married, but I'm getting a good salary now and I'm going to have some fun."



Lillian's tale of woe.

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The airy fairy one.

Entr'acte, a few moments later. Manager Brady loquutur: "Miss Russell, I don't intend to have any one act on the stage as you did this evening. The way you kept talking during the performance was disgraceful, and you will have to stop it." A few angry words on both sides and the curtain again rises. The third act is not as yet over, and the denouement is only a matter of conjecture. Some say the play is a melodrama, and that after all the troubles all will come out right; but others aver that it will be a tragedy, and that the couple will never be reunited. Manager Hill was to have arrived in New York from the west last night, and Teddy Solomon hoped to get the desired advance from him. The composer also hopes that his wife will see the error of her ways, and return to his tender love and true. It was said that the fickle Lillian was inclined to smile upon the ad-



The stage manager's rebuke.

dresses of a gallant dude, that her husband had intentionally slighted her in public and what not. Still, fat "Airy Fairy" is living with her mother, Mrs. Cynthia Leonard, at No. 32 East Ninth street, while her boyish husband remains in their apartments on East Twenty-first street, and the trunks, out of which the dispute grew, are still in the hands of the hard-hearted landlord at Columbus.

AVENGED BY ROUGHS.

Crazed with drink, Frank Giberio, a stalwart Italian, faged up and down South Fifth avenue Sunday afternoon. A crowd of hoodlums surrounded him and began tormenting him in various ways. A friend of his sent word to his wife, who lives at No. 83 Sullivan street.

She is a cripple, but the poor little woman determined to go and save her worthless husband from injury. She found him in the midst of a crowd who were booting and stoning him. She pushed her way through the crowd and tried to lead him away. With an oath he turned and struck her a terrible blow in the face, which felled her to the ground.

She painfully dragged herself up again and after wiping the blood from her wan features, she again attempted to coax her husband away. Another savage blow in the face laid her senseless at his feet. There was an ominous mutter in the crowd. The majority were roughs, but the poor woman's devotion to her husband had touched a soft part in their hearts.

The infuriated Italian glared about him like a wild beast as the crowd surged on towards him. Just then a black-haired little Italian girl, scarcely four years old, rushed towards him and stamping her small bare foot on the sidewalk, cried passionately:

"Oh, you cruel, cruel papa, to beat poor mamma so! I'll never speak to you again!"

Her father glared at her for a moment, and then snatched her up in his arms. He clasped both her little limbs in one brawny hand, and whirled her rapidly and savagely above his head several times, and then dashed her down, stunned and almost lifeless, to the pavement, beside her bleeding and crippled mother. A hoarse shout from the crowd, and cries of "Kill the brute!" "Brain him with a rock!" arose, and the Italian turned to flee.

A hundred hands grasped him at once, and a terrible rain of kicks and blows descended on every part of his huge body. His life would very probably have ended there and then but for the interference of Agent Stocking, of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, who rushed in with two policemen and rescued him from the mob.

The man was hurried off to the Prince Street Station, his body black and blue from the punishment he had received. Tender hands removed the poor wife to her home, and Agent Stocking carried the little one to the society's rooms on Twenty-third street, where she will be cared for hereafter. Her mother is seriously, if not fatally, injured.

When Gilbert was arranged in the Jefferson Market Police Court, Agent Stocking told Justice Duffy that he had learned it was a favorite pastime of Gilbert's to swing his little girl around his head by her heels and fling her about when in his drunken frenzies. He treats his wife in a brutal way. The Justice sentenced the prisoner to serve six months on Blackwell's Island.

ACTIONS LOUDER THAN WORDS.

A correspondent writes: Colonel Ingersoll is the kindest-hearted man I ever saw. Riding all day with him between Omaha and Chicago I saw a little incident that will illustrate this. On the train was a pale, sickly-looking woman with a fretful baby. The woman was in shabby mourning, and was almost worn out with the crying and worrying of her little one.

The passengers were very much annoyed, and kept looking around and frowning at the woman, who was evidently doing her best to quiet the child.

Finally Mr. Ingersoll, who had been reading, noticed it. Getting up, he stepped across to the woman and took the babe, telling her to take a little rest and he would take care of the child.

The little one stopped crying at once, playing with his watch and chain awhile, and finally nestled its little head down on his arm and went to sleep.

The tired mother, also dropped to sleep, and the Colonel cared for the baby for upward of a hundred miles before the mother awakened and relieved him.

SILVER PLATE AND RED PEPPER.

During the past week two handsome young ladies from Akron, Ohio, have been canvassing Corry, Pa., for the sale of Rogers' silver ware. A male teacher in our public schools made their acquaintance, and Saturday evening last sent them a letter. The ladies found it a very indecent and improper note. Showing it to their landlady, she declined advice. Left to their own devices, the young ladies prepared themselves and sallied forth. Inquiring for the teacher's boarding place, they met him near the Baptist church, and with short ceremony filled his eyes with red pepper.

A passer-by led him to his boarding place and called a physician. He received a heavy dose but will not lose his eyes.

Mr. Charles H. Hoyt has nearly finished his new piece, "A Hole in the Ground." The action occurs in a railroad station and the personages will have only general names, such as "the conductor," "the porter," "the stranger," "the innocent traveler," "the baggage man," etc. The chief character will be that of a traveler who is perpetually seeking and missing a train. The adventures and mishaps of travel and the wide variety of characters met with will be the warp and woof of the new piece.

OUR PORTRAITS.

The Men and Women Who Find Pictorial Fame in These Columns.



Al. Hayes, as he is known by the huge army of his intimate friends, is one of the best-known steamship men who go down to the sea in American vessels. He runs between Havana and New York in the Niagara, and is accounted the best judge of a Vuelta Aojocigar and a pretty face in all the trade.

Edward J. Kendall.

A capital portrait of Edward J. Kendall, the well-known actor and manager, who lost \$12,000 on the Oregon, will be found elsewhere.

Con Tobin.

Con Tobin, the rising pugilist whom we portray on another page, was born in Troy, is twenty-two years of age, stands six feet one in his stockings, and in best condition weighs 195 pounds.

Rosina Vokes.

The vivacious and irregular features of Rosina Vokes, who is now at the head of a remarkable troupe of amateurs "doing" the country, are to be found on another page, faithfully portrayed.

Charles O. Walton.

Charles O. Walton, the champion 5-mile roller skater, is well known throughout the country as being the speediest man on rollers for a distance of five miles. Recently in Brooklyn he won the 5-mile championship.

Louise Balfe.

Louise still keeps up her public rows with her hubby, who is said to be very jealous of a certain gentleman's attentions to the fair actress. It only a few days ago since Mr. and Mrs. Leonard gave an exhibition of their unfriendly feeling on Broadway, this city, which the police had to settle up.

Maude Stuart.

The death of the attractive little actress, Maude Stuart, created quite a sensation among the theatrical profession. She died in the flat of actor Frederick De Belleville, in this city, with whom she is said to have been married. Her death was caused by pyæmia following puerperal fever, the direct result of a confinement.

Mrs. Ella E. Newman.

Wright E. Newman, the husband of the lady who bears his name, has caused considerable scandal in Canisteo, N. Y., by commencing suit against Chief of Police Mast for maliciously enticing his fair wife away from him and destroying his home. The case is the talk of the neighborhood, and especially the goodly members of the Methodist Church, who never do any wrong.

SUING HIS WIFE AND A MILLIONAIRE.

Charles C. Sears, who at one time was Deputy City Clerk of Buffalo, and resided there with his wife Frances, is suing her for absolute divorce, and is also suing Joseph C. Barnes, a partner in a large dry goods house in Buffalo, claiming \$100,000 as damages for the alienation of his wife's affections. Mr. Sears was married in January, 1874, at Emporium, Pa. They went to Buffalo, and according to his story about a year ago his wife went to the store of Mr. Barnes, who called upon her and made her costly presents, and in May last she and her two children disappeared, and about the same time Mr. Barnes left Buffalo. Sears charges that Barnes and his wife traveled about the country together, and visited hotels in this city, Philadelphia, Niagara Falls and other places. Some time later Mrs. Sears sued her husband for divorce, but when he appeared in the suit it was discontinued. Then followed another action for divorce in Erie county. That was also discontinued, whereupon another suit was instituted. Then her husband commenced proceedings in this city against his wife and Barnes, which are still pending.

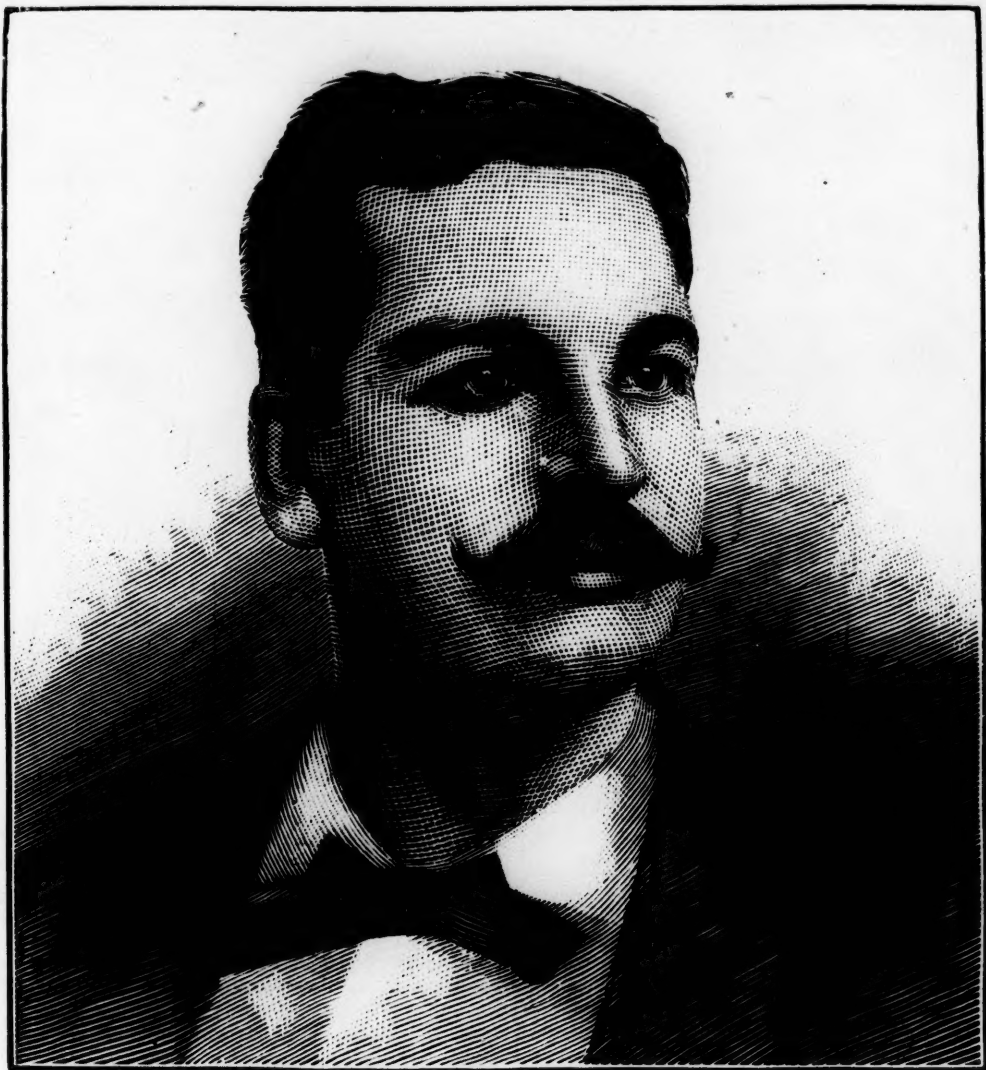
Mr. Sears claims that he has evidence against his wife in the shape of letters written to her by Mr. Barnes, signed "Your loving J. C. B." some of which begin with "My O. S. Marie," which are said to convey the meaning "My own sweet Marie."

The wife's lawyer did not answer the husband's complaint when the suit was brought several months ago, and William P. Burr, on behalf of Mr. Sears, took his default and the case was sent to the referee.

Mr. Barnes is a millionaire and a married man, with several married children. He has not been living with his wife for some time. Mr. Barnes is interested in the firm of H. B. Claflin & Co. Mr. Sears holds a position with the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railroad Company. Judge Andrews reserved his decision.

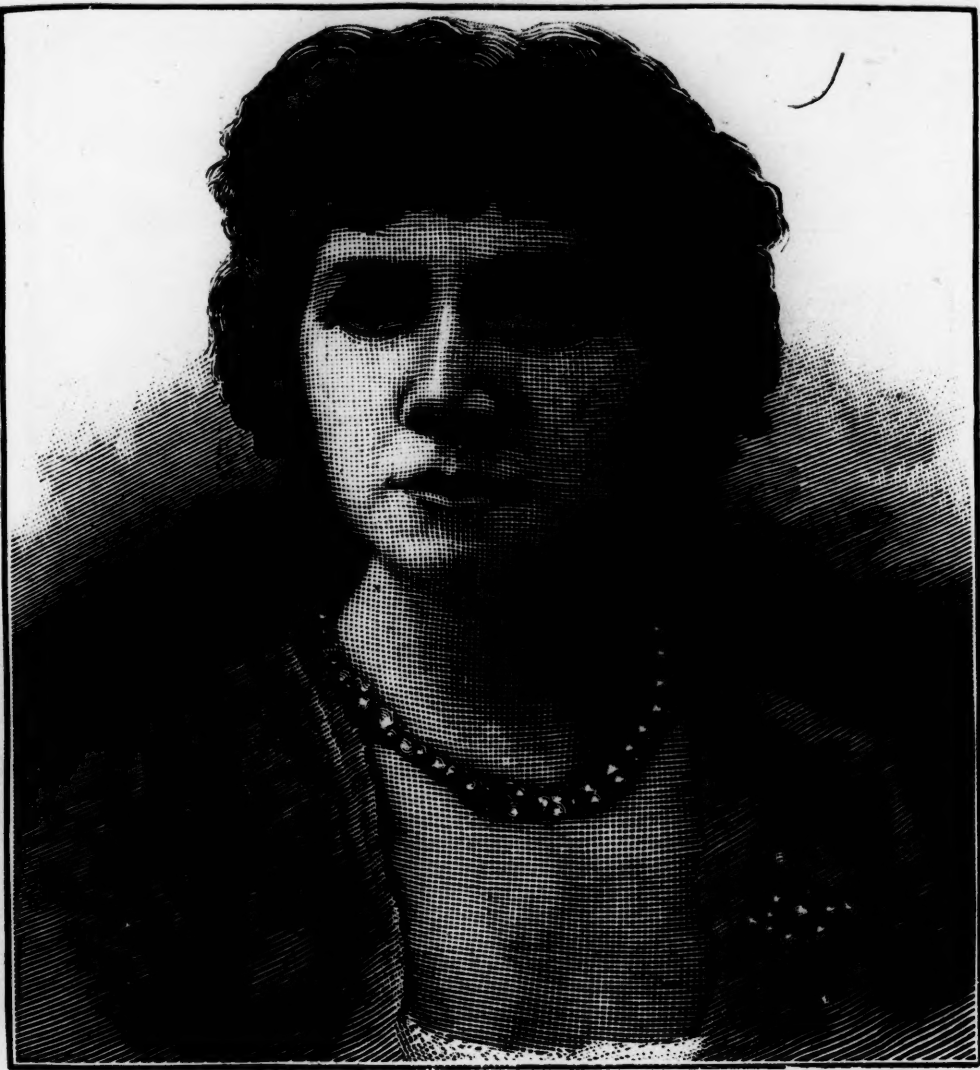
HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

HUNDREDS OF BOTTLES PRESCRIBED. Dr. C. R. D. K. E. Belleville, Ill., says: "I have prescribed hundreds of bottles of it. It is of great value in all forms of nervous disease which are accompanied by loss of power."



EDWARD J. KENDALL,

THE HANDSOME AND DASHING YOUNG ACTOR WHO IS ENGINEERING THE CRUSADE OF SHIP-WRECKED PASSENGERS AGAINST THE OWNERS OF THE OREGON.



ROSINA VOKES,

THE WELL-KNOWN ENGLISH ACTRESS WHO HAVING MARRIED A BRITISH SWELL IS NOW MANAGING THE AMERICAN TOUR OF A TROUPE OF AMATEURS.

In The Dead Man's Hand.

The last will and testament of Dennis Blake, who in his lifetime kept a saloon in Williamsburgh, was offered for probate in the Surrogate's Court in King's county recently. From the testimony of one of the witnesses it was learned that the will was signed after the testator was dead, the attorney who drew it up holding the man's hand.

Mr. Blake was taken suddenly ill and was not expected to live, and Lawyer Donnelly was sent for. When he reached the sick man's bedside he found Arthur Clark and William Blake, a brother, already there. In the hurry of the occasion a sheet of common note paper with pen and ink were procured, and Mr. Blake began to tell what disposition he wished to make of his property, which amounted in all to about \$4,000. According to the story told by Arthur

Clark while on the witness stand, and who had been a witness to the signature, both sides of the piece of note paper were used. Suddenly his brother, who had been holding the sick man's hands, noticed a change, and told the lawyer he must hurry or the man would die. He then felt his brother's heart and found that its pulsation had ceased. The lawyer hurried to the bedside, with the pen in his hand, which he placed between the dead man's fingers and

guided the hand while he wrote the name. Clark said when he signed as a witness that the will was illegal, because the man was dead at the time the signature was made, and Blake substantiated the statements made by Clark. Lawyer Donnelly said he did not care whether the will was admitted or not. The only question to decide, was the will properly executed. The Surrogate decided the will was not properly executed, and could not be admitted to probate.



ACTRESS LOUISE BALFE,

WHO GIVES HER HUSBY SO MUCH TROUBLE BY MAKING HIM JEALOUS.



MAUDE STUART,

THE ACTRESS WHO-E DEATH CAUSED CONSIDERABLE TALK AMONG THEATRICAL PROFESSION.



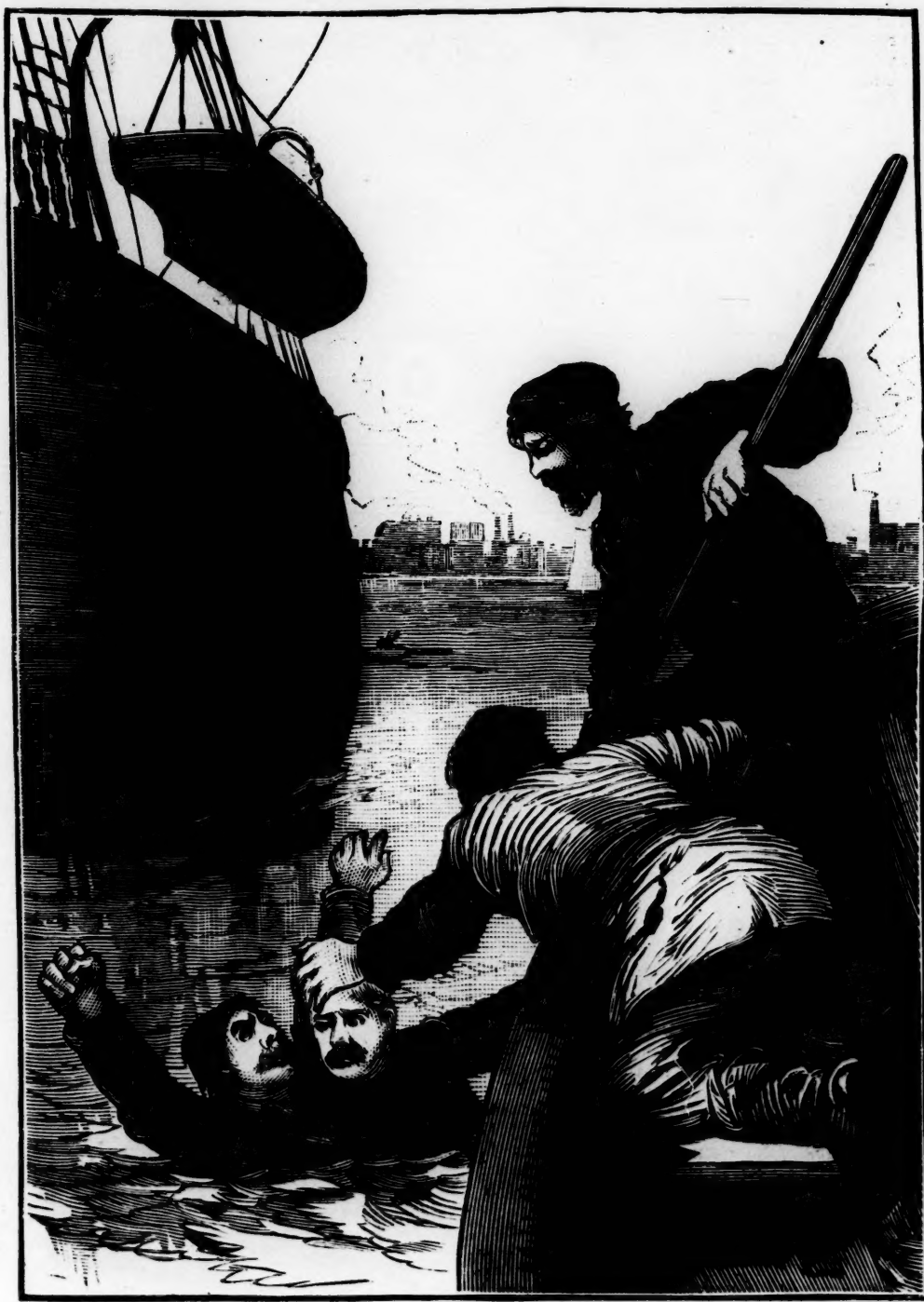
MISS ANNIE COOLIDGE,

SENTENCED TO THREE YEARS' IMPRISONMENT IN THE BOSTON CONSPIRACY.



MRS. ELLA E. NEWMAN,

WHO IS THE CAUSE OF SUIT AGAINST THE CHIEF OF POLICE CANISTEO, N. Y.



JIM JAMS AFLOAT.

SEEDY PATRICK ROONEY, A HOMELESS BOOK-KEEPER, GOES ON A BIG SPREE AND IS RESCUED FROM DROWNING BY OFFICER ELIEL.



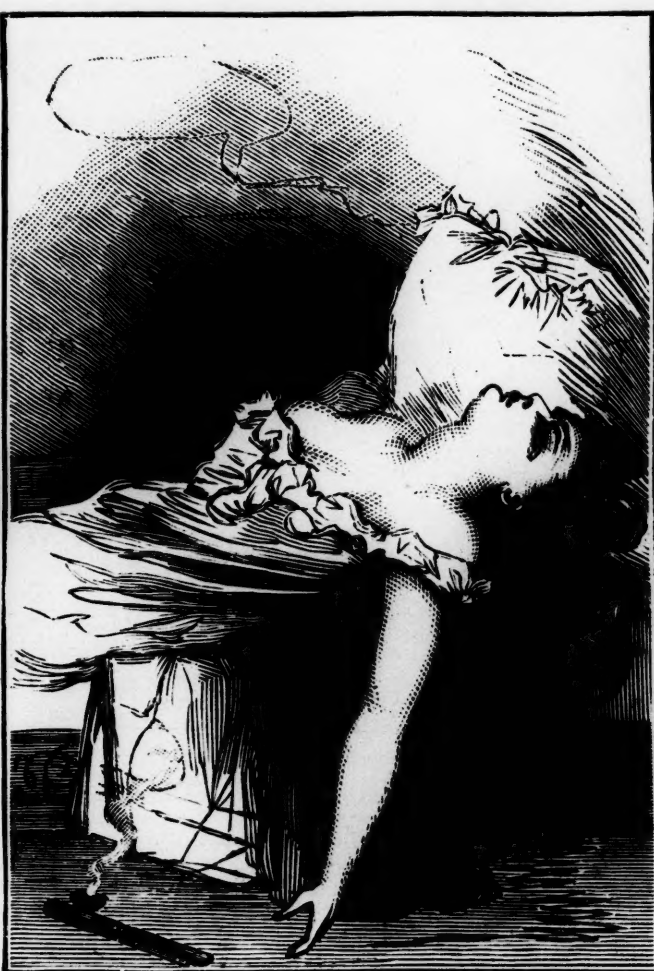
SUNDAY ON A RANCH.

HOW THE INNOCENT TENDERFOOT WHO APPLIES FOR EMPLOYMENT ON A CATTLE FARM AT POWDER RIVER, WYOMING TERRITORY, IS TAUGHT THE RUDIMENTS OF LULL WHACKING



AN INDEPENDENT FEMALE.

THE LADY AGENT OF A PATENT RAILROAD SWITCH MAKES A SENSATION BY PREFERING THE SECLUSION OF A SMOKING CAR



OPIUM'S VICTIM.

THE MELANCHOLY ENDING OF THE PRETTY FIANCEE OF UNITED STATES MINISTER, FREDERICK H. WINSTON.



"THE LITTLE VIOLET GIRL."

DRUGGIST GEORGE B. EVANS, OF PHILADELPHIA, MAKES A SENSATION BY SHOWING A PRETTY CHILD IN HIS WINDOW.



A LOUISVILLE BELLE.

FRANKIE PIERCE, A FASCINATING MEMBER OF THE HALF WORLD INTERVIEWS ONE OF HER FRIENDS WITH A BOTTLE.



AN INCREDIBLE CRIME,

TO HIDE THE CONSEQUENCES OF AN INCESTUOUS LIAISON, A CHILD IS FED TO HOGS IN CASS CO., NEBRASKA.

FORGIVING HUSBANDS.

Young Charles Clausen and William J. Suttle Display the Most Remarkable Affection For Their Gay and Giddy Wives.

HEADS AS SOFT AS HEARTS.

Inspector Byrnes and the whole detective force of the city were supposed to be hunting around for pretty Mrs. Minnie Clausen, the wife of the brewer's son, the other day. From some inside facts which came to the ears of the Inspector, however, he was not a bit worried over the handsome lady's disappearance, and he ventured the opinion that she had neither jumped into the East river nor swallowed prussic acid.

This view of the case was fully sustained by the events which occurred somewhat later in the day. The police had been instructed to look out for a shapely and handsome young woman with big brown eyes and auburn hair.



Her big brown eyes.

When she disappeared Mrs. Clausen wore a black silk dress and a fashionable hat, diamond earrings and eight-button kid gloves. The officer kept a vigilant eye upon the dozens of young women who were out shopping, but they failed to discover Mrs. Clausen.

Detective McCarthy, of the eighteenth precinct, had better luck. He had been upon the case ever since the lady's disappearance was reported to the police authorities, and had promenade Sixth avenue and Broadway for many hours looking for her. The detective tried Third avenue as a last resort, and wandered into the well-known Compton House, at Twenty-fourth street and Third avenue, at 8 o'clock the other morning.

Going up to the desk the detective turned over the register and was delighted at seeing the inscription "George Sturtevant and lady, New York," inscribed upon the page. Sturtevant was Mrs. Clausen's sweetheart before she was captivated by the millionaire brewer's son, and the police had been asked to look out for the young man too.

"How long have these people been here?" the detective asked the clerk of the Compton House.

"Since Tuesday morning," was the reply, "and judging from the size of their champagne bill they are having a great time."

Detective McCarthy at once felt confident that he had located the missing woman, and he walked up stairs to room No. 51, which "Mr. Sturtevant and lady" were occupying. He knocked loudly upon the door, and a feminine voice screamed:

"Oh, Heaven! what is that?"

"What do you want?" asked a bass voice, and the detective said:

"I want Mrs. Clausen. She is reported as being missing, and I have orders to take her to the station-house."

There was a whispered consultation which lasted for a few moments and then the man's voice shouted:

"All right, we will go with you in ten minutes."

Detective McCarthy waited outside the door, and at the expiration of that time it was opened. Young Sturtevant and Mrs. Clausen came forth. The eyes of the young woman were puffed up, her hair was not combed, and she looked as if she had been sitting up with a sick friend for several nights.

Sturtevant also looked dissipated. His eyes were bleary and he walked unsteadily. He is about twenty-seven years of age and is a stout, good-looking fellow, with a dark-brown mustache. The room was littered with champagne bottles and glasses and several empty whisky flasks were scattered around.

"We've had a big time," remarked Sturtevant to the



"Gimme a cocktail."

detective. "Now, what are you going to do with us?"

"I don't want you," replied the officer, "but Mrs. Clausen must come with me."

"I will never leave you, Minnie," said Sturtevant, and the young woman smiled upon him.

The party walked downstairs to the barroom, and Mrs. Clausen said:

"I'm awful dry. I think a whisky cocktail would do me good."

"Make me one, too," said Sturtevant, while the modest detective obligingly indulged in a glass of beer.

Sturtevant had spent all his money, which amounted to \$20, during the spree, and Mrs. Clausen had also spent the \$10 which she carried away with her on the morning of her disappearance. Sturtevant searched in his pockets, but they were empty, and he exclaimed:

"Hold on a minute; I'll raise the shekels," and rushed out to a pawnshop a few doors away.

He pawned his light overcoat for \$5, and returned to the Compton House and paid his bill. Then the pair had another drink, and Detective McCarthy started to the station house with them.

"You had better disappear," advised the detective to



The affectionate parting.

Sturtevant. "Clausen will be around soon and I may do you some harm."

"Oh, he's no good," was the reply. "I don't care a snap for him."

Mrs. Clausen smiled at this reference to her husband.

When they arrived at Captain Clinchy's station house Mrs. Clausen was shown into a private room and the Sergeant advised Sturtevant to go away. The young man parted affectionately with Mrs. Clausen, and left her with the remark, "Good by, Minnie; I'll see you again in a short time."

"All right, George," replied the young woman, and she sat down to await the arrival of her husband.

An officer had been dispatched to the flat in which young Clausen resides, at No. 321 East Eighty-fourth street, and he was informed that his wife had been found. The officer related the suspicious circumstances under which the discovery had been made, and Clausen interrupted him by exclaiming:

"I don't care! I can't live without that woman!"

He hastened down to the station house, and rushing up to the sergeant's desk asked:

"Where is Minnie?"

Clausen seemed very much excited and the sergeant



Enter the detective!

deemed it necessary to search him before admitting him into the private room. No weapons were found upon his person and he was conducted inside. Mrs. Clausen jumped to her feet at sight of her husband, and rushing forward to embrace him cried:

"Oh, Charlie, you have come!"

"Keep away from me," replied Clausen. "You have been with Sturtevant!"

"It's a lie!" screamed the wife. "We occupied separate rooms and I can prove it."

The officers withdrew and the young couple soon emerged, having evidently made up their differences.

Black Kissed Her Twice.

Mrs. Marie Suttle's suit for a limited divorce from her husband, Wm. J. Suttle, was before Judge Andrews in Supreme Court Chambers the other day, the motion being for alimony pending the trial, which has been in progress for some weeks before Referee Shepherd. Mr. Suttle is a manufacturing jeweler, and the plaintiff, who is quite young, is his second wife. The couple's marital troubles began in the summer of 1884, when the young wife was allowed to spend the heated term at Toronto on a visit to a Mrs. Potter. Mr. Suttle exacted a promise from his young wife that she should write to him on each day of her absence. This she did for a time, but soon three days passed without a letter. Then the anxious husband telegraphed an inquiry whether his wife was ill, sent her money, and in the letter directed that she "pack up by to-morrow and start the next day. If you don't get back by Tuesday, you must not come back to me at all, and when you get ready, you can go to your father's house."



She rushed to embrace him.

This brought a despatch from her, which was followed by five letters of different dates, but all mailed together, which the husband asserts were written at the same time and after she got his telegram. What Mrs. Suttle was doing meantime appears from the evidence of Charles H. Black, one of her Toronto friends.

At first she was indignant at her husband's peremptory summons to return, and said she would do as she pleased. Then she concluded to go, but with Black as her travelling companion. Soon after she arrived at Toronto she, with three others, took a long drive, stopping for supper at a friend's house eighteen miles from the city. Mrs. Suttle sat on the back seat with Mr. Black, while the latter's younger brother, James Campbell Black, and Miss Maggie Potter occupied the front seat. Black says he kissed Mrs. Suttle twice, and the next day kissed her again once or twice.

That evening they went together to a flower show and there he told her he was feeling ill. They took a



In the back seat.

long walk, and she exerted herself to dispel his melancholy. The next day she wrote him this letter:

DEAR CHARLEY: I was sorry to detain you so long last night. If you have anything on your mind, tell me frankly what it is. Your must not despair about your condition, as the future may not be as black as you think. Your devoted friend, MAY.

After an interval, during which they met once or twice, it is alleged that Mrs. Suttle wrote to Black:



I am at loss to know why you reproach me so. . . . If you have heard anything about me that displeases you, you must tell me about it. Your devoted friend, MAY.

Mrs. Suttle went riding with Benjamin Allen and other Toronto friends of hers two or three times, and



In male attire.

on one occasion a violent thunder storm drove them into his boat house. She once told Black, it is alleged, that she once took in the night scenes of New York in male attire, with a young physician as a companion.

When she concluded to obey her husband's summons to return to New York from Toronto she gladly accepted Black's offer to go with her, declaring that she would return with him if her husband didn't receive her pleasantly.

Mr. Suttle met his wife at the Grand Central depot as she alighted from the train, and proposed that they go for refreshments. She hesitated, and then said she first wished to speak to a young man who had traveled with her. When Suttle was introduced to Black, he noticed that the young man turned pale, though the fact occurred to him with greater force after he had learned what had transpired in Canada. Mrs. Suttle wished the next day to go with Black to Coney Island, but Mr. Suttle said it would be highly improper for her to be seen there with another man than her husband. Suttle then called to see Black at the United States Hotel. He found a telegram on the table in Black's room which, he says, was from Mrs. Suttle, asking Black to meet her at the One hundred and twenty-fifth street elevated station.

That evening, after upbraiding his wife, Suttle went



He cuts her hair.

from home in a passion. On returning, Suttle says, he found that she had gone and had left this letter:

DEAR HUSBAND: I am a guilty wretch and have brought disgrace upon a kind and loving husband. I shall not cause you any more shame by remaining in your home. Send my trunk to the Forty-second street depot to-morrow morning. Good-by. MAY.

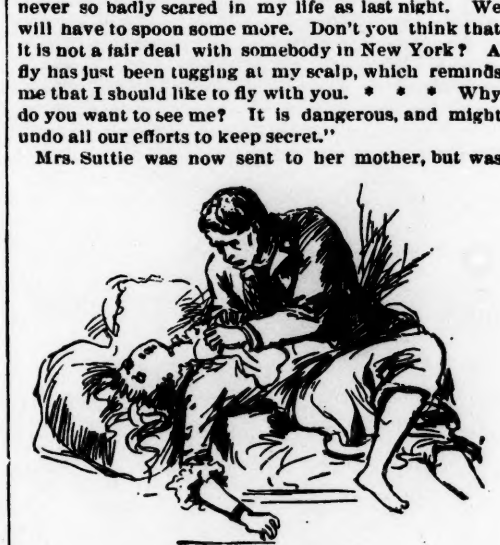
Suttle went himself to the depot, and there found Black and his wife. The three went to the Grand Union Hotel, when the testimony goes on to say:

"You are a guilty woman," said Suttle, with tears in his eyes.

The scene ended with a reconciliation between husband and wife. The two men were greatly affected, but Mrs. Suttle laughed at them, exclaiming, "Look at the two fools!" She went back with her husband, though he refused her request to correspond with Black. Not long afterward Mr. Suttle found one of the letters Black wrote his wife while at Toronto, in which he wrote:

"DEAR MAY—I am sorry I caused you pain. I was never so badly scared in my life as last night. We will have to spoon some more. Don't you think that it is not a fair deal with somebody in New York? A fly has just been tugging at my scalp, which reminds me that I should like to fly with you. . . . Why do you want to see me? It is dangerous, and might undo all our efforts to keep secret."

Mrs. Suttle was now sent to her mother, but was

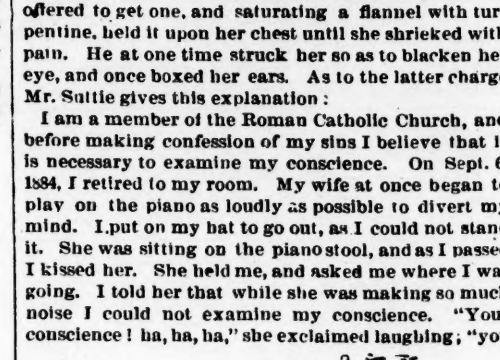


A turpentine plaster.

not cordially received, and soon after was an inmate of the House of the Good Shepherd, Newark, where her parents reside. Her husband once more took her back, but she says he abused her constantly, and she was forced to leave him. Among other grievances, she says he seized her by the hair and cut off at least a yard of her fine long tresses. He asserts, however, that he only trimmed off a few inches at her request.

She says that when she wished a mustard plaster he offered to get one, and saturating a flannel with turpentine, held it upon her chest until she shrieked with pain. He at one time struck her so as to blacken her eye, and once boxed her ears. As to the latter charge Mr. Suttle gives this explanation:

I am a member of the Roman Catholic Church, and before making confession of my sins I believe that it is necessary to examine my conscience. On Sept. 6, 1884, I retired to my room. My wife at once began to play on the piano as loudly as possible to divert my mind. I put on my hat to go out, as I could not stand it. She was sitting on the piano stool, and as I passed I kissed her. She held me, and asked me where I was going. I told her that while she was making so much noise I could not examine my conscience. "Your conscience! ha, ha, ha," she exclaimed laughing; "you



Banging the piano.

haven't got any, you jealous old fool." I was so angry that I could not restrain myself, so I boxed her ears and walked out. I grew repentant, however, and though very much provoked, a reconciliation was effected.

OPIUM'S VICTIM.

The Sorrowful Story of a Beautiful Chicago Girl's Misspent Life and Its Inevitable Fatal Consequences.

A DIPLOMAT'S FIANCEE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The remains of pretty Jennie Woods, who died in Chicago on Wednesday from excessive opium smoking in a Chinese den, still rest in the little room that she called her home. Soon the grave will close over them forever, and the girl will be forgotten, but not by one man, at least.

The News tells the story. This letter is a good way to begin it.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 28, 1885.

MY DEAR JENNIE—I have your letter, and am glad to hear from you again. I am surprised to learn that you have left Chicago. I have been absent myself for some weeks, in Washington and New York, so that I did not know you had gone. You are mistaken in thinking I was angry with you when I last saw you. I was not angry, but sorry that you had allowed a bad habit to control you even for a time. Now, Jennie, I believe you will credit me as being a friend of yours. I have thought, and do think, and shall always think, a great deal of you—more than I ever thought of any girl in your station—and I have hoped that you might rise in life and become a good woman. You have some noble traits of character, and under different circumstances you would have done much better than you have. I still hope and pray that you may yet become a useful, happy woman. It is useless to go over the ground that I have so often gone over with you, but I ask you to sometimes think of me and of my advice to you; and as you know I am sincere and advise you for your own good, follow my advice.

Be true to yourself and try to raise yourself, and believe that you will always have my sympathy and good wishes. I may never see you again, Jennie, in this world, but I do hope to hear good accounts of you. I shall be in the city till January 12, and then start on my long journey. Good-bye. May God bless you. Yours,

This letter was written by Hon. Frederick H. Winston, Minister to Persia, on blue-tinted note paper bearing a crest in red, which consisted of an upturned arm with four arrows grasped in the hand, and underneath in a scroll the words, "Virtute, Non Verbis," the translation of which is, "By Valor, not by words." There was also found in the dead girl's album a cabinet photograph of Mr. Winston, underneath which was pasted this card, "Mr. Frederick H. Winston."

It appears that she first met Mr. Winston at a restaurant. She was in company with a lady who had known him for several years and was introduced to him by her. He took a strong liking for her, and his interest in her grew with length of acquaintance. She manifested a desire to study and improve herself, and in this she was not only encouraged but substantially aided by Mr. Winston. She attended a business college and studied shorthand, her tuition being paid by Mr. Winston. The latter also made her a number of presents, and when he went to Europe last spring he left a considerable sum of money with Charles Kern, the well-known restaurant keeper, with a request that he should give her a stated portion of it weekly. One of the women with whom Miss Wood lived at that time says that before leaving for Europe Mr. Winston sent her a yellow pug dog, accompanied by a note stating his name was Mnemosyne, the goddess of memory, and hinting that the name might serve to remind her occasionally of him, assuring her at the same time that for his part he needed no such reminder and would remember her always.

Mrs. Pierce, the landlady at No. 83 Dearborn avenue, where Miss Woods lived, said yesterday when Miss Woods saw in the papers the notice of Mr. Winston's contemplated marriage with Miss Calhoun she became very despondent. She would sit and read it at intervals, remarking the while:

"I could have married Minister Winston myself, and gone to Europe. Why didn't I do it?"

Mrs. Laura Morris, the lady who introduced Miss Woods to Mr. Winston, said, in speaking of the relationship between them:

"His intentions, as far as I could learn, were to educate her well, make her a fine lady, and then, possibly, in the course of time, marry her. Miss Woods remained in my house for three months and paid me \$3 a week. She always paid promptly. She left me about a year ago and went to No. 85 Clark street."

Mrs. Morris said that Mr. Winston purchased a fine saddle horse for her, and made extravagant promises of what he would do for her if she would give up all her associates and take rooms on the north side. Miss Woods refused to marry him, so she told Mrs. Morris, because she did not love him.

PISTOLS IN THE SAWDUST.

Swindlers Neatly Collared by Detective Britton, of Comstock's Staff.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Two honest citizens of Bruce county, Canada, made up their minds to come to New York, as the result of a circular they had received from this town, and speculate in counterfeit money. The signer of the circular was A. T. Girard.

The honest citizens met Mr. Girard, and after the usual arrangements, saw him in the cellar at the rear of L. Ennis' tin shop at No. 69 Bowery. The outcome of the interview was that the gentlemen from Canada left \$200 in good money with Mr. Girard, and in return had a box carefully marked to an address at Buffalo. When the honest Canadians opened their parcel at Buffalo, they found it contained sawdust.

The enterprising foreigners had borrowed money from John MacHardie, of Lucknow, Ontario, with which to make their pilgrimage. They unbundled their overloaded bosoms to the man who had intended to be their benefactor.

MacHardie wrote to Girard and was instructed to come to New York in person, and bring gold with him for purchase money; checks or draft would not be accepted.

"There are some unprincipled men in this city," warned Girard, "who advertise the same kind of goods as mine, and should you be foolish enough to send them money that would be the last you would see of them or your money."

MacHardie kept up a correspondence with Girard which lasted many weeks. He played the timid character, all the time signing himself A. D. Gibson. He finally succeeded in getting Girard to make an appointment. The place named was the Grand Union Hotel.

MacHardie or Gibson came to the city on Sunday. He secured the services of Deputy Marshal Bernhardt and notified Girard of his arrival. Next morning a spruce-looking young man called on MacHardie at the Grand Union Hotel and produced a letter, commencing, "Dear Friend B 2," and signed A. T. Girard. Password "Honor." The latter said he was waiting near the hotel and advised the utmost secrecy regarding the messenger.

MacHardie, followed by Bernhardt and Detectives Britton and Oram, went with the young man, who says his name is Henry Briscoe, to No. 118 Third street, a saloon kept by Le Berge.

When MacHardie entered the saloon he was at once introduced by Briscoe to a heavy, sandy-complexioned man of perhaps thirty years, well dressed, but by no means prepossessing in manner.

"This is Mr. Girard," said Briscoe, and the three sat down at a table. Drinks were ordered and Girard began to unfold his scheme by which the stranger could gather in untold wealth. He was in the middle of an earnest description of how easy it was to fool the authorities, when Deputy Marshal Bernhardt flung open the door and made a jump for Girard's collar. Briscoe, with great presence of mind made a break for the street at the same moment.

Bernhardt, who is a short man, was thrown off by his weighty opponent, but went at him again. He finally got a good hold and with the Canadian's assistance tried to handcuff the rogue. In the struggle that ensued Bernhardt had a finger nearly broken. He kept at the job, though, and at last succeeded in getting the bracelets on.

Briscoe had not gone far up the street when he felt Detective Britton's hand on his collar. Then another scrimmage took place. Britton had hard work to down his man, but Oram showed up just then and Mr. Briscoe was collared and taken back to No. 118.

As the trio entered the place Briscoe got a hand free. Down it went to his hip pocket and out came an ugly-looking revolver. The muzzle went towards Britton's ear. In an instant Bernhardt and Oram produced a similar gun. The Canadian stood by armed. Oram seized Briscoe by one hand and with the other pointed his weapon at the young desperado's head. Girard had made a movement to rid himself of his fetters and join in the row, but Bernhardt had him covered like a flash.

THE BOSTON CONSPIRACY.

Mrs. Annie Coolidge Sentenced to Three Years' Imprisonment.

[With Portrait.]

Judge Blodgett of the Superior Court of Boston, imposed a sentence of three years upon Mrs. Annie Coolidge, who recently pleaded guilty to conspiracy with A. L. Mellen, of Baltimore, to secure the death of Mrs. Mary Mellen. Dist. Atty. Stevens briefly outlined the facts in the celebrated case, closing by saying that it seemed almost like fiction, but Mrs. Coolidge had pleaded guilty, and careful investigation left no doubt that she properly so pleaded. Her counsel argued that Mrs. Coolidge was unfortunate in having been induced to commit the offense charged against her in the indictment. The party who is the greater criminal has not been reached by the strong arm of the law, and Mrs. Coolidge is unfortunate, too, because she is there owing to a pressure, an inducement held out by him to commit a crime. She is unfortunate because she is a woman, having yielded in the hour of temptation, placed here for the first time in her life. She has been nearly six months in jail awaiting trial. Under the circumstances it would seem to him that the utmost penalty of the law should not be enforced. Mrs. Coolidge has been ready from the first, she is now ready, and will be ready in the future to aid the government in the administration of justice whenever it may call on her.

In an interview after receiving her sentence Mrs. Coolidge told an extraordinary story. She declared that she agreed to plead guilty upon receiving assurances from the government officers that she would be allowed her liberty on her own recognizance until Mellen should be arrested, when she was to testify against him. She protests that she is innocent of all evil intent against young Mrs. Mellen, as charged in the indictment. The situation, explained, was this: Mellen held a mortgage of \$2,000 upon her (Mrs. Coolidge's) house and furniture in this city. She learned from Mellen of his desire to get rid of his daughter-in-law on account of his family pride, the girl having been a servant in his hotel in Baltimore. Mrs. Coolidge encouraged him in his prejudices until finally Mellen began to discuss various diabolical schemes for taking the life of the young wife. Mrs. Coolidge affirms that she consulted her husband, a patrolman on the Boston police force, about the matter, and that he told her that he cared not what she resorted to in order to raise the mortgage which Mellen held on her property. Mrs. Coolidge's counterplot against Mellen was formed at the beginning of all the scheming. She intended, she says, to go only far enough to get Mellen into her power and then compel him to surrender his lien upon her property. She never for one moment intended to allow any harm to befall young Mrs. Mellen. She allowed Mellen, Sr., to lead her on and to develop his plan. She did his bidding in several matters of detailed plotting, even to the extent of hiring an assassin to plunge a knife into the young wife, Mellen having concluded that that was the safest way in which to kill her. She also arranged the meeting between Mellen and the proposed assassin at the Revere House, where Mellen deposited \$1,000, subject to the murderer's order after his work was done. The money, by the way, is still in the hotel safe.

It was at this point that Mrs. Coolidge's plans failed. The ex-convict who had been hired to commit the murder proved false, and a few days previous he had communicated with the police. Mrs. Coolidge said she had almost reached a point where she considered that her hold upon Mellen would be complete. She was almost ready to denounce his infamy and to demand from him a high price for her silence, and a pledge that he would abandon his murderous plans. One or two more steps she was willing to take to make her control of her guilty victim complete. She was taking one of those steps when Inspector Houghton's hand was laid upon her shoulder in the telegraph office and she was taken to jail. She has been ready, Mrs. Coolidge declares, to appear as a witness against Mellen, whenever he might be arrested. Now, however, she considers that she has been unfairly treated. She will perforce go to prison and serve out her sentence, but

she will do nothing more to aid the government in any event. She will refuse to testify for or against Mellen if he is found and arrested. The detectives on the case deny that portion of Mrs. Coolidge's story outlined above to the effect that her husband was cognizant of her plans and approved of them. They say that he has done everything in his power to assist the prosecution, and has even expressed a wish that his wife might receive a heavy sentence. Mrs. Coolidge reports that she at first declared her husband's ignorance and innocence in order that he might retain his place on the police force. Later she discovered that he had gone back on her and had furnished the government with certain compromising letters and telegrams. Consequently she now makes public the above version.

SPARROW-FIGHT BY CHINESE.

The Biggest Sporting Event of the Season in Mott Street.

In a little shed back of an opium joint in Mott street four moon-eyed Chinamen stood in a circle the other morning. One of the Mongolians carried a square box, in which were forty clipped and trained fighting sparrows. Each bird had a red ribbon tied around its right leg. The beaks were sandpapered to a sharp point. Presently Charlie Wok slid open a high gate that shuts off the shed from the back yard of the Mott street opium den and appeared, carrying a huge wooden frame in the centre of which was a round, sieve-like compartment. It was a sparrow-pit, and the sparrows in the box were picked New York fighting birds.

Just as the congregation was leaving the Church of the Transfiguration a strapping Chinaman, wearing a high hat and American clothes, stepped off a Third avenue car. He was Wong Foo, the great San Francisco sparrow fighter. Wong Foo was followed by Jim Ling and four other chinamen, who carried forty San Francisco sparrows in small cages bound with paper. Wong Foo went directly to the sparrow pit. Crowds of people gathered about the entrance to the opium joint, but the rain soon drove them away. The fight was soon arranged. Twing Mong and Charlie Fong were chosen referees. The San Francisco birds had blue ribbons tied to their legs.

The fight was the result of a challenge sent by Charlie Wok, the chief of Mongolian sporting men in the East, to Wong Foo. Representatives were present from all the Chinese settlements. The fight began at 2 o'clock and lasted four hours. The first main was the most desperate. The New York birds pecked at the Western sparrow fiercely and the sawdust in the pit was soon stained red. Both sparrows fought until they were too weak to stand. The New Yorker died of exhaustion and Wong Foo won \$50. Thirty battles were fought. The New York sparrow was killed outright in the second, fourth, fifth and sixth battles. The Chinamen were wild with excitement. Two hundred dollars were staked on the general result of the main, and the Chinamen bet freely on the separate battles. Wun Ling bet \$75 on New York in the tenth main and won. He won a Philadelphia Chinaman, won \$200 by betting \$25 each on eight New York birds. At 6 o'clock it became too dark to continue the fights. Out of the thirty battles fought New York won seventeen, but the championship cannot be decided until ten more battles are finished, as forty make a main.

This sparrow-fight was the biggest main ever fought in America. Wong Foo arrived in New York on Saturday last. His birds were sent on two weeks ago, and were carefully fed and trained in Koh Wok's laundry, in Harlem. Telegrams were sent out to San Francisco, Philadelphia and Boston, stating the result of the main. Chinamen all over the country have looked forward to the fight as the greatest sporting event that has ever taken place in this country. San Francisco has always claimed the best fighting sparrows, but New York Chinamen say they have better birds. Should New York win the remaining battles, another, and perhaps two more fights will be held. The betting, however, on each fight is decided when the battle is ended. A grand supper was given in the Chinese club to the visiting Mongolians.

A CHILD FED TO HOGS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

On a farm owned by a Mr. Bragg, situated two miles east of Avoca, in Cass county, Nebraska, a family reside named Butt, in which there is a son and a daughter, the latter some twenty years old. Thursday last a farmer, while passing the house, saw some hogs fighting over something that looked like a human body. He drove the hogs away and picked up the remains of a young child, which he placed in the wagon and took to Avoca. There an investigation was made, which showed that both the lower limbs and one arm had been torn off by the hogs; also, that the child's throat had been cut. The coroner of Cass was notified, and after an examination decided that the child had been killed. The supposed mother was in bed, lying dangerously ill, as no care had been taken of her in the least. Her recovery is supposed to be impossible. A brother is supposed to be the father of the child, and it was killed to conceal the sister's shame.

NOTHING VENTURE—NOTHING WIN.

As a phase of life in the Crescent City, it will instruct many to know that certainly the 190th Monthly and the Grand Quarterly Drawing of the World-Famed Louisiana State Lottery came off, with its accustomed promptness, at New Orleans on Tuesday, March 16th, when \$622,500 was showered everywhere. The result will interest at least the winning parties the rest can wait until the next time for their share of luck. The First Capital (\$150,000) was sold in tenths at \$1.00 each—won by No. 73,040—two of which (\$30,000) was collected for the account of Merchant's Nat'l Bank of Cincinnati, O.; one (\$15,000) was held by Olaf Anderson, No. 410 Chestnut street, San Francisco, Cal.; another tenth was paid to Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Bank, San Francisco, Cal.; the remainder went to parties in Omaha, Neb., etc. The Second Capital Prize of \$50,000 was won by ticket No. 10,057 and was collected as a whole for a party by Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Bank, San Francisco, Cal. The Third Capital Prize (\$20,000) was won by No. 46,742—sold in tenths at \$1.00 each—one to John Graves, No. 418 E. 79th street, New York city; one to C. Kurtz, Cincinnati, O.; one to C. L. Young, London, Ky., paid through First National Bank of Stanford, Ky.; one to J. C. Martin, St. Helena, Cal., another was deposited as cash in Canal bank, N. O., La., etc., etc. The Fourth Two Capital Prizes (\$10,000 each) won by Nos. 44,231 and 54,154—sold also in tenths at \$1.00—one to J. E. Prescott, San Antonio, Texas; one to Ely Oppenheimer, Columbia, Mo.; one to Frank Tisser, 339 Jefferson street, Chicago, Ill.; one to John Cartwell, Evansville, Ind.; one to Max Wendt, 1509 Leavenworth street, San Francisco, etc., etc.

JACK DEMPSEY.

The Full and Truthful History of a Wonderful Pugilist's Professional Development.

A ROMANCE OF THE RING.

(Copyrighted by Richard K. Fox.)

In order to make sure that Dempsey would appear, McDonald said: "If you make a good show, Jack, I will give you \$40 out of the \$100, and I will not knock you out until the sixth round."

Dempsey remarked that he did not want to be knocked out.

"Oh!" said McDonald, "it will not hurt you. I'll just give you a hit on the neck and you will go to sleep for a minute or two."

"I am willing to box, but I do not want to be knocked silly," said Dempsey.

"You will get over that," said McDonald, "what signifies a punch or two?"

Dempsey agreed finally to meet McDonald, and they had a private rehearsal on the same night the battle was to be decided and McDonald was certain that he would win. The contest was decided at a well-known training resort on the North River. Dempsey weighed about 128 pounds. Martin Murphy, the well-known boxer and runner, seconded Dempsey, while McDonald was seconded by Bob Mace, his side partner. Bob Smith, the veteran trainer and well-known second, was referee. The following are the details of this coup d'etat of the future champion.

ROUND 1—On putting themselves into attitude little time was lost in sparring on the part of McDonald, who had made up his mind to rush at Dempsey and settle him in quick time. However, Dempsey was not to be got at, and when McDonald made his rush Dempsey met him with a severe hit on the right eye with his left and got away, laughing. First blood for Dempsey was claimed and allowed. A sharp rally followed, which brought them to close quarters, in which Dempsey had the best of the infighting, and in the end both were down.

2—Dempsey forced the fighting; sharp exchanges followed, McDonald landing his blows on Dempsey's ribs, while the latter clipped McDonald's facial organ time and again. Both closed, and Dempsey threw McDonald amid loud cheering.

3—On time being called Dempsey was first to the mark. He led with his left, and landed a clean hit on McDonald's right eye and jumped away. McDonald rushed in, closed with Dempsey and both fell, Dempsey on top.

4—In this round Dempsey had the battle almost won. He landed his left on McDonald's right jaw, drove his right against his adversary's neck, which sent him staggering down in his corner.

5—McDonald came up dazed. Dempsey fought the fighting, and the round ended in the latter's favor.

6—The McDonald party, who were confident that their man was going to knock Dempsey out in this round, as agreed to by McDonald and Dempsey, had strange misgivings about the result of the battle, because Dempsey, although a novice, had proved beyond all contradiction that he could beat McDonald. Before the round began, one of McDonald's partisans asked Dempsey if he was not going to keep the bargain. Dempsey said: "Yes, I'm going to win the purse and I will do it." In this round Dempsey forced the fighting, and ended the round by throwing McDonald heavily.

7—McDonald came up staggering from the effects of the drumming he had received, but he pluckily faced Dempsey. McDonald dashed in his left resolutely, but was well stopped. Dempsey then delivered his left and right on the nose and left eye, and had the best of the round.

The eighth, ninth and tenth rounds were well contested, but McDonald did not have any chance of winning, barring a foul, but he kept at work some time, forcing the fighting and frequently using defensive tactics. From the tenth to the twentieth round there was desperate fighting. Dempsey displayed great tactics and many prophesied that he was bound to make his mark in the prize ring world. In the next ten rounds McDonald fought so gamely that many of his friends supposed that he might outlast Dempsey, although it looked ten to one on the latter's chances of winning. In the thirteenth round Dempsey up-cut McDonald with his right, landed his left on the stomach and jaw, and when the round ended it was plain McDonald's chances of making Dempsey strike his colors were fast fading away. Four more rounds were fought and McDonald tried all he knew to conquer Dempsey, but the latter cleverly countered every blow and landed several terrible upper-cuts on McDonald's right jaw. After a series of exchanges, McDonald clenched Dempsey and a desperate struggle ensued, and McDonald tried to push Dempsey through the window. Martin Murphy, Dempsey's second, claimed a foul, so did John Shanley, of Brooklyn, one of Dempsey's backers. A wrangle ensued, and Bob Smith, the referee, seeing that McDonald was beaten, and knowing that he committed the foul maliciously, declared Dempsey the winner.

McDonald was clearly overmatched. He was opposed to a novice, it is true, for Dempsey made his debut in the ring on the banks of the Hudson, but he was out-classed. Dempsey proved, even at this early stage of his career, that he was an exceedingly fair fighter, scornful to take the least advantage, and beside he proved that he possessed the greatest of all requisites to a boxer—unwavering good temper. Dempsey used his left hand with great precision, and his deliveries appeared altogether heavier than in that encounter. Dempsey bore his honors meekly. He found out that he was able to mill with any man his weight according to any rules, and he decided to take a lesson from the following:

"Since boxing is a manly game—

An athlete's recreation;

By boxing we will raise our fame

Above any other nation.

"Throw pistols, poniards, swords aside

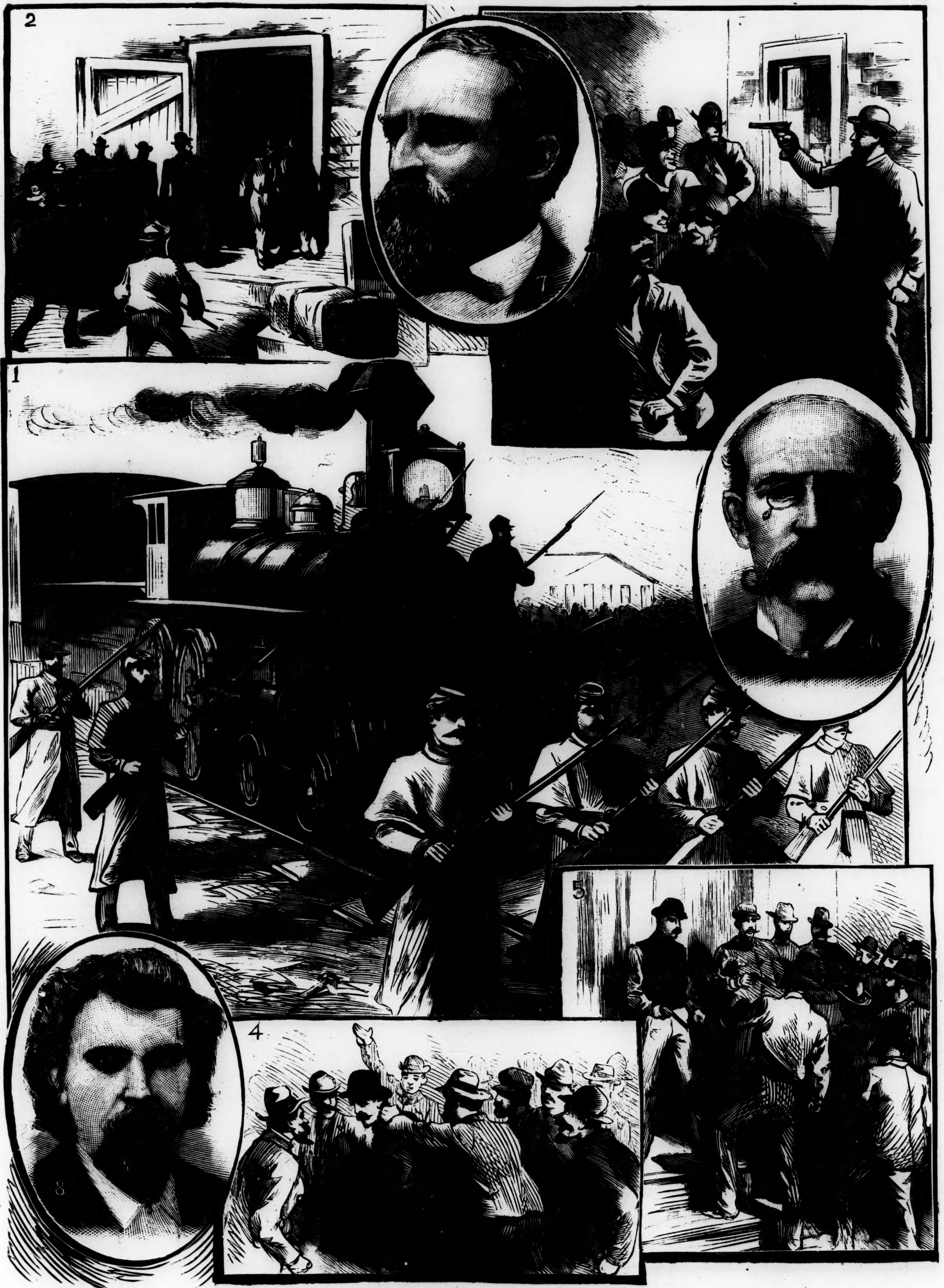
And all such deadly tools;

Let boxing be the athlete's pride—

The science of their school."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The "Sporting Man's Companion" contains all the base ball records and averages of all the clubs. By mail 25 cents.



THE GREAT RAILROAD REVOLUTION.

SOME SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE TREMENDOUS WARFARE NOW BEING WAGED IN THE SOUTHWEST BETWEEN THE FORCES OF HONEST INDUSTRY AND THE AGENTS OF THE ARCH-TYRANT JAY GOULD.

I.—The First Freight Train Leaving Parsons, Kansas. II.—Throwing Open the Doors of the Freight House, East St. Louis. III.—Deputy Sheriff Ragland. IV.—Doing up a Scab. V.—Confronted with Revolvers. VI.—Master Workman Powderly. VII.—Vice President Hoxie. VIII.—Martin Irons.



THE CROWNING OUTRAGE.

A CROWD OF INNOCENT SPECTATORS OF THE STRIKE IN EAST ST. LOUIS IS FIRED UPON WITH FATAL EFFECT BY DEPUTY SHERIFFS AND A BIG CONFLAGRATION FOLLOWS.

PUGILISTIC NEWS.

A Close and Accurate Resume of the Arenic Events of the Week.

John Clay defeated John Carney in 2 rounds, at the Theatre Comique, Philadelphia, on April 6, the contest counting in the middle-weight boxing tournament.

Dick Collier, the English pugilist, who hails from Nottingham, makes John Cusick's, 15 Broadway, his headquarters. Collier is very anxious to arrange a match with Jack Burke for \$500 or \$1,000 a side.

At Clark's Olympic Club, Philadelphia, April 6, Harding defeated Donohue in the feather-weight boxing tournament, and Foster and Burke, Higgins and Smith, and White and Young boxed drawn contests.

On April 3, at Union City, Pa., the glove fight between Jack Welsh, of Erie, Pa., and Thomas McNamara was stopped. The sheriff rallied the hall as the men were about to appear, threatening arrest to all concerned.

In this city, on April 4, John Stuart, bantam weight, and Jack Fraser fought with kid gloves for a small purse, given by a club. Eighteen rounds were fought when the cry of "police" stopped the sorry show. Stuart says he will spar Fraser at Ashton's benefit.

Al Paxton and Dan Titus, two colored light weights, fought with hard gloves, in this city, on April 8, Queensbury rules, for \$100 a side. Paxton was acquired by Charley Gooley and an up town saloon keeper, while Titus had for his seconds Barney Holton and John Haas. Titus forced matters in the first three rounds and gained first blood, but was then severely knocked down twice. From this first Paxton kept the lead and terribly punished his opponent, whom he finished in the eleventh round in 45 minutes.

Frank Wood and Charley Herbert fought at Hilsendeggen Hall, Detroit, on April 1, without gloves, London prize ring rules. Both men fought like tigers. After 5 rounds the fight was given to Herbert, but those who witnessed the affray say Wood was good for several rounds more. George Peters has issued a challenge to fight any man in America weighing less than 160 pounds, for \$500 a side and gate receipts, the fight to take place in or near Detroit. The hall in which last night's fight occurred is just one block from the police headquarters.

Jack Burke has finally been matched to meet Frank Glover, the Illinois State champion. The meeting will take place at Battery D Armory, on the evening of May 3, the contestants to fight 8 rounds with small soft gloves for a 65 and 35 per cent. division of the gate receipts. Glover will go to his old quarters at Beloit, Wis., to train, and Burke, accompanied by Frank Ware, the light-weight champion of Illinois, will repair to comfortable quarters upon a farm near Madison, Wis. The meeting will, without doubt, attract the greatest crowd of spectators ever assembled at the Battery. Should Burke be successful in his contest with Glover he will probably meet Jack Dempsey and Charley Mitchell, both meetings to take place in Chicago during the coming summer.

J. D. Hayes, of Ithaca, N. Y., says that if Ryan is eager to arrange a fight according to the London prize ring, with or without gloves, for \$1,000 a side, both the ex-champion and his backers can be readily accommodated with a match. He offers to match Mike Conley against Paddy Ryan, or any pugilist in America except John L. Sullivan, for \$1,000 a side. Hayes says Conley can beat any man in this country in the prize ring. Last November he offered to match Conley against any man in America except Sullivan, but although there are dozens of heavy-weights, none of them will meet him. Conley is twenty-six years of age, and his dimensions are as follows: Chest measurement (skin), 46 inches; waist, 36½ inches; forearm, 14½ inches; biceps (near shoulder), 17½ inches; 6 feet in stocking feet; weight, when not training, 225 pounds; trained, 207 pounds.

Billy Frazier, of Somerville, Mass., the light-weight champion boxer of New England, recently challenged John McAuliffe to box according to "Police Gazette" rules for the light-weight championship. McAuliffe accepted the challenge, and according to agreement, Frazier's representative and McAuliffe met at this office April 10 to arrange a match. Frazier's representative wanted the contest decided at Boston, but McAuliffe objected. After considerable discussion articles of agreement were signed for the rival champions to box according to revised "Police Gazette" rules, the winner to take 65 per cent of the gate receipts and the loser 35 per cent. The contest is to take place at Germania Hall, Bowery, on Tuesday evening, April 27. Richard K. Fox is to appoint the referee. Frazier is one of the most scientific boxers in the New England states, and a large delegation of Eastern sporting men will come on to witness the contest. McAuliffe has never been defeated and has been for some time eager to meet Frazier to decide the question of who is the light-weight champion. Judging from the prior performances of the light-weight champion and the New England champion the contest, which will be conducted strictly on scientific principles, will be one of the greatest scientific fights encounters of the season.

Harry Montague, well-known sporting manager and for a long time Jim Mac's agent in this country, has forwarded the following interesting letter to this office in reference to James Smith, the champion pugilist of England. The following is the letter, verbatim:

45 SELDON ST., KENSINGTON, LIVERPOOL, ENG.

My DEAR SIR—I have just run the Fanloches, John Holden, at the St. James Hall, in this city, for three months, closing on March 13. Last evening "a grand assault at arms" took place in the same hall (seats 1,800), the principal attraction being "Jim Smith," whom the M. C. styled "champion of the world," and added that the earnest desire of Smith's was that J. L. Sullivan would do him the pleasure of visiting this side and contest with him for any amount of money. Indeed, so very anxious was Smith to meet the renowned American, he (Smith) would pay expenses, etc., etc. You know I have seen the best men on both sides of the Atlantic exhibit their prowess in the art of self-defense for many years past, so, to add to the number, I paid a visit to see Smith and Jack Davis wind up.

After hearing the broadcast challenge, I very naturally expected to see a Morrissey, Heenan and Sullivan, also a Nat Langham, Tom Sayers and a Mace combined. What I did see was this—a very smartly-made young fellow, some 5 ft 8 in height, set to, in a very Guy Lambert and Black Diamond fashion, with Jack Davis. Some old sports were in the gallery seats with me. One among them was loud in his opinion—Mace could do the two with the gloves. I had not seen Mace for some months until yesterday, when I asked him if he were going to the exhibition. He said: "No, but you can match me to spar Smith four rounds for \$500 a side." Not having seen the new champion, I asked Jim's opinion of him, when he said: "I should like to train Sullivan and stand him for all I have in the world. It would be the biggest gift Sullivan ever had. Smith is a fine looking young fellow, but has not the muscle of John L. Although he is a big little one, Sullivan would be a heap too much for him."

After seeing the spar, I thought Jim pretty well correct. In my opinion it is a pound to a gooseberry on one, and that one is your champion, John L. Sullivan.

One remark I heard last night particularly struck me. A good judge and backer of fighters quietly said:

"Where do they make champions of the world now-a-days? Here is a man getting lots of money, every one running after him. What has he done in his pugilistic career?"

"Never gave a man a black eye or ever got one."

I hear it is your intention of crossing with Sullivan. If so, take this from me, rest assured he will meet with a most hearty and big reception, that he will find friends, and good ones, too, on this side, and when once here, I think, many of the highly-colored challenges will fade away into dim air, and that Americans and Englishmen alike will render to Cesar that which is Cesar's, and to John L. Sullivan the title I think he so well deserves, champion of the world.

Yours faithfully,
HARRY MONTAGUE.

P. S.—Have again visited the hall. Smith sparred with Smiler. The latter, out of condition, done well. Mace says Lambert could beat Smith.

The following cable dispatch was received April 8 at this office in reference to the proposed international fight encounter between John L. Sullivan, the champion of

America, and Jim Smith, the champion of England, for \$10,000 and the "Police Gazette" belt and the championship of the world: LONDON, ENGLAND, April 8, 1886.

Richard K. Fox:

Smith's backers will not back him to meet Sullivan in America, no matter what inducements are offered. Smith authorized me to cable that he will fight Sullivan for £1,000 a side and the champion belt Sullivan holds, London prize ring rules, each to be allowed five representatives and the battle to be decided in Ireland, which he claims is neutral ground, Sullivan to be allowed \$500 for expenses. GEORGE W. ATKINSON.

In reply to the above, the following was cabled to the Sporting Life:

"Sullivan insists on the battle being fought in the United States or territories. If Smith wants the 'Police Gazette' belt he must agree to meet Sullivan, who is champion, on his own ground, the same as John C. Heenan had to cross to England to meet Tom Sayers. Will match Sullivan for £1,000 to £5,000, allowing expenses. Match to be private or public. No other terms."

"RICHARD K. FOX."

Never since the Spring of 1860, twenty-six years ago, was there so much excitement in prize ring circles in both hemispheres as there is at the present time, while negotiations are going on to bring about an international fight encounter between Jim Smith, the champion of the old, and John L. Sullivan, the phenomenal champion of the new world.

It was in 1860 and during the present month, just twenty-six years ago, that John C. Heenan, the Beneca Boy, and Tom Sayers fought on the historic field of Farborough for the championship of the world, and no one will ever forget the result of the battle and the unfair treatment Heenan received when he had the battle all but won. As far as the negotiations are going on between Sullivan and Smith, the which is over the battle ground. Smith desires the event fought on English soil or in Ireland. Sullivan is the champion pugilist of the world, having won that title when he conquered Paddy Ryan, and he also holds the belt, which is typical of the championship of the world. If the English champion wants to win the belt he will have to battle on American soil, either in the United States or its Territories, for its possession. Twenty-five years ago John C. Heenan, the Beneca Boy, we believe, went across the Atlantic to meet Sayers, who was then England's champion, and we think it is only fair that Smith and his backer should do likewise. If Smith held the championship of the world, why would he insist on Sullivan crossing the Atlantic to meet him? We understand that Sullivan's backer, Richard K. Fox, has notified the English champion's backers that he is prepared to back Sullivan for \$5,000 or \$20,000, and allow him reasonable expenses to come to this country, and that Sullivan will under no circumstances cross the Atlantic, but will stand ready to defend the champion belt on his own soil under the folds of the glorious stars and stripes.

The reception and presentation exhibition tendered to Jack Dempsey, the middle-weight champion pugilist of the world, at the Cosmopolitan Hall, Broadway and Forty-first street, was a grand affair. It had been announced that Jack Dempsey would not only box 3 rounds with Mike Cleary, of Philadelphia, and Jack Fogarty, of the Quaker City, who, on Feb. 2, 1886, he fought and conquered in a match for \$5,000, the second largest stake ever fought for in the prize ring and the largest ever fought for with gloves, but that he would be formally presented by Richard K. Fox with the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, which represents the middle-weight championship of the world, and valued at \$2,500. In spite of the high tariff of admission, which was placed at \$1, \$2 and \$3, and the fact that it was Saturday night, a tremendous crowd assembled to witness the affair. Stephen O'Donnell, the veteran of the war and well-known light-weight, was master of ceremonies. After boxing bouts by Lew Clark and Frank Sweeney, and George Young and Joe Fowler, Mike Cleary and Jack Dempsey appeared, amid loud cheering. After they had been introduced, the middle-weight championship trophy was placed on the stage, and the master of ceremonies read the following dispatch:

ST. JAMES HOTEL, JACKSONVILLE, Fla., April 10, 1886.

Jack Dempsey, middle-weight champion of the world:

Sorry I cannot attend your reception and testimonial to-night and present you with the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, which represents the middle-weight championship of the world. Wm. E. Harding will represent me in the matter. It is my earnest wish that you will be as successful in the arena in defending the championship emblem in the future as you have been in the past. RICHARD K. FOX.

Loud cheers greeted the announcement. After the applause had ceased, Mr. Edward F. Mallahan, in a short and appropriate speech, presented Dempsey with the trophy. Every one strained their eyes to look at the unique valuable artistic emblem. Dempsey did not make any speech but modestly said thanks. He would have stated that he was ready to defend the trophy according to the rules, but the eagle eye of Capt. Alexander S. Williams, denoted that he desired him not to do so. Besides, Joe Ellingsworth, who is eager to meet Dempsey, was in front, and Capt. Williams was not inclined to have a wrangle or controversy, and Dempsey grasped the situation and made a good impression by his actions. The following is a description of the trophy:

This elegant belt is made of solid silver and gold—a unique and handsome work of the jeweler's craft. The centre of the belt is a solid silver shield 12½ inches, with solid gold figure of pugilist in fighting costume, surrounded with a wreath of laurel. On the top of the shield is a gold horse-shoe encircling a fox's head, incrustated with diamonds. On the bottom the figures 1886 in gold; to the right and left of the center part are two solid gold figures of pugilists. Over all, in gold letters, the following inscription: "Police Gazette" Middle-Weight Champion Prize Ring Belt of the World, and across the bottom of the shield, in gold letters: "Presented by Richard K. Fox, of New York." On each side of the center are four silver panels, in which, wrought in solid gold, are the coat-of-arms of different nations—the eagle and violet of America; harp and shamrock of Ireland; the rose and lion of England; and the thistle of Scotland. At all the national flags in colored enamel and solid gold. Portraits of the donor, Richard K. Fox, and the holder of the belt, Champion Jack Dempsey, are set in gold, surmounted by a golden eagle. In the two center panels—that of Dempsey to the right and Richard K. Fox to the left. There are six panels in all, and the plates are mounted on sterling silver ropes and stakes. The belt was designed and manufactured by Robert F. Cooke, of 164 Fulton street, New York, and it is without a doubt a twin to the heavy-weight champion belt John L. Sullivan holds.

We may here state that Jack Dempsey, according to American prize ring chronology, is the first pugilist to ever be presented with a belt to defend, according to recognized prize ring rules, and the future prize ring chronology will contain the following: The first champion belt ever presented to a pugilist to defend in America was presented to Jack Dempsey (of Brooklyn, E. D. N. Y.) middle-weight champion of America, by Richard K. Fox, April 10, 1886, at Cosmopolitan Hall, New York city.

Presentation belts have been presented to John Morrissey, Joe Coburn, Tom Allen, Jim Mace, Billy Edwards, Arthur Chambers, etc., but Dempsey is the first champion who has been presented with a champion belt to defend by recognized rules. Dempsey and Cleary then gave a scientific bout for three rounds, when, in order to give Dempsey a rest before he met Fogarty, Jack Hopper and Johnny Mack were introduced, and gave a rattling set-to. After a short delay, Dempsey and Fogarty ascended the stage. Many had read of the long, game and fast battle for \$5,000 between Dempsey and Fogarty, fought on Feb. 2, 1886, which lasted 27 rounds (1 hour 51 minutes), when Fogarty was obliged to strike his colors, but few had ever seen the well-made, muscular native of the Quaker city stripped, let alone perform. Steve O'Donnell introduced Fogarty and announced that he had never been defeated, but by Dempsey. The modest, plucky genuine pugilist received a flattering reception. It was one of the mightiest he might be proud of, was marked by a beautiful display of science, Dempsey showing himself greatly the superior. He hit the Philadelphia man when and where he liked and the latter seemed rather skittish of getting to hard work. Few of Fogarty's leads succeeded in landing and he was not often successful in countering. Once he won loud applause by imitating one of Dempsey's double hits for the body and head. In the fourth round Dempsey showed what he could do, but did not seem disposed to push matters to extremes, and the audience left satisfied that Arthur Chambers made no mistake when he selected Fogarty as a middle-weight who might be able to snatch the laurels from Dempsey's brow. Fogarty is a first-class boxer, cool and collected, but Dempsey is better, and still improving. The 4 rounds between Dempsey and Fogarty was one of the finest displays of boxing ever witnessed, and sporting men can rest assured of just such another treat when Billy Frazier, the light-weight champion of New England, and John McAuliffe box for the light-weight championship at Germania Assembly Rooms, 295 Bowery, New York, on Tuesday, April 27. Besides receiving the championship belt, Dempsey was presented with an immense floral arm, with a real boxing glove where the hand should have been, by Neal, the florist, of the Bowery.

SPORTING NEWS.

TO PATRONS AND PROMOTERS OF MANLY SPORT.

The editorial parlors of this newspaper are always at the disposition of all classes of bona fide sporting men, whether they call out of curiosity, to obtain information or arrange matches. No such offices are to be seen anywhere else in the world. Among their remarkable attractions are championship emblems and badges, magnificent trophies and pictures and other objects of exceptional interest. Not the least notable of these is the celebrated portrait, by the well-known artist, Drohan, of John L. Sullivan, which is a full-length picture representing the champion in full ring costume. It stands six feet in height, and is conceded to be the most striking portrait of a pugilist in existence. Sporting men, in addition to these features, are assured of a cordial and hospitable greeting.

At Philadelphia, on April 10, Bill Gabis defeated Mike Boden, of Canada, boxing, Queensbury rules. It was a hammer and tongs contest and Gabis was declared the winner.

In the glove contest between Ed. Berry of Pittsburgh, and Jack White, of Philadelphia, at Philadelphia, on April 7, Berry knocked White down three times, and finally won the battle.

Mike Monaghan and Joe Godfrey had four rattling rounds, Queensbury rules, at the Theatre Comique, Philadelphia, on April 10. Dominick McCaffrey was referee, and being unable to tell who had the best of it he called it a draw.

The City and Suburban handicap race of 1,000 sovereigns, run at Epsom, England, April 8, was won by Childwick's four-year-old, Royal Hampton, with Lord Ellesmere's six-year-old, Highland Chief, second, and Lord Cadogan's four-year-old, Lonely, third.

The annual meeting of the Cambridge Cricket Club was held at Toronto recently, when the following officers were elected: Patron, Mr G. Hastings; President, Mr C. A. Cook; Vice-President, G. Jones; Captain, W. Newton; Secretary-Treasurer, E. White. Committee—F. Howard, F. Smith and C. Burrell.

The great pigeon-shooting match between teams of ten representing the Washington Heights and Yonkers Gun Club, was decided at Sea View Park, Philadelphia. Each contestant shot at 10 birds, 25 yards rise, two traps, both barrels. The Washington Heights Club killed 76 birds to 72 for the Yonkers Club.

Albo Miller, of Kansas City (formerly of England), and Jack Barry, of Brooklyn, fought with three ounce gloves, according to London prize ring rules, for gate money and \$500 at Kansas City, April 11. One hundred and sixteen rounds were fought in 2 hours 25 minutes, when the battle ended in a draw.

Jack Fogarty and George Le Blanche have postponed their glove contest until April 27. The conditions are 6 rounds. Queensbury rules, for a purse of \$500, and it will be decided at the Crib Club, Boston. It will be a well-contested, stubborn battle, with Fogarty the winner. He possesses more stamina than the Marine.

At Eagle Point, near Dubuque, Iowa, on April 9, Billy Dasher, of Plattville, Wis., and Al Risk, of Dubuque, fought with small gloves, "Police Gazette" rules. The fight was a desperate one, with little regard to rules governing the ring. Nine rounds were fought. Dasher was the winner. Both men were badly punished.

At Milwaukee, Wis., on March 27, about 400 admirers of pugilistic exhibitions gathered in the Palace rink to witness the contest between Pat Killen of Philadelphia, and James Brady of Buffalo. This match was of short duration, as Killen put his man to sleep in the first round, just 2 minutes and 38 seconds after "time" was first sounded.

The Brunswick Lacrosse Club, of Toronto, have elected the following officers: President, John T. Ross; captain, W. Blackburn; secretary-treasurer, Geo. Jackson, 274 Major street; committee, W. Sutter, H. W. Martin, Jas. Surridge and Geo. Dunbar. The club is in a very prosperous condition, and will be open to receive challenges from junior clubs after May 15th.

A 5-mile boat race between the flagship Tennessee's cutter Magic and the whalerboat of the United States steamer Powhatan was rowed at Key West, Fla., March 24, for a purse of \$1,000. The Magic won in 41½. Both boats were manned by twelve oarsmen and one coxswain, and they pulled from 36 to 40 strokes per minute. The race was very interesting and witnessed by a tremendous crowd.

Ben McGill and Alf Meyers fought on April 11, in this city. Queensbury rules governed, and it was agreed the winner should receive \$100 and the gate money. Meyers weighed 114 pounds, just five pounds more than McGill. After a desperate battle in the twenty-seventh round, Meyers pulled off the gloves and refused to continue, and McGill was declared the winner. The battle lasted 1 hour 47 minutes.

The New York "Daily News" says: "It is now a settled fact that if Jim Smith intends to meet John L. Sullivan for the champion belt, \$10,000 and the championship of the world, he will have to agree to meet America's champion on his own soil. When Sayers held the championship of England Heenan had to board the lion in his den, and both the American champion and his followers received more than an overdose of unfair play."

H. M. Johnson, of this city, who, on March 8 and 9, won the Sheffield handicap from 1 yard back of the stranger's mark, called at this office on April 8 with George Smith, of Pittsburgh, who won a Sheffield handicap on June 6, 1881. Johnson said everything was done to prevent his winning, and that Isaac, a colored runner, was entered on purpose to jostle him; and that after winning one of the heats he was kicked, and that eight policemen had to guard him from the crowd on his way from the dressing-room to the scratch. Johnson and Smith started for Pittsburgh last night.

Joe Ellingsworth, the champion heavy-weight amateur boxer, states that one half the cock-and-bull stories and alleged interviews that have appeared about him are bogus. He says he is ready to meet Dempsey in a contest for the belt for the amount the champion names whenever he can raise the \$5,000 Dempsey proposes to contend for, or for \$1,000 a side and a purse of \$1,500 any time Dempsey is ready. Ellingsworth says he is not responsible for accords that may appear in newspapers unless his name is signed to them.

At New Orleans, La., on March 27, James O'Donnell, the well-known oarsman, died after an illness of two years. He was a native of Ireland, thirty-seven years of age, and a screw man by occupation. He was a member of the Neptune, Howard and Hope Rowing clubs. In 1876 he won the championship of Louisiana, and held it in 1877, 1878 and 1879. In August, 1877, he was defeated for the first time in the National regatta at Detroit. In August, 1878, he and P. Powers won the double-scutt race in the National regatta at Newark, N. J.

On April 12 Ernest Roeder called at this office, posted \$50 and issued the following challenge to Matsuda Sorakichi:

New York, April 12, 1886.

I am prepared to wrestle Matsuda Sorakichi, the Japanese champion, to wrestle the best three in five falls for \$250 or \$500 a side. Two falls catch-as-catch-can, two falls Græco-Roman and the final bout, if the match is not decided, by the Japanese style. Richard K. Fox to be final stakeholder. If this suits Matsuda Sorakichi and his backer they can cover the \$50 forfeit I have placed at the Police Gazette office and name a day to sign articles.

Billy Madden recently engaged Germania Assembly Rooms and issued a challenge stating that Jack Ashton, his well-known champion, would box any man in the country 10 3-minute rounds, and that he would give any man \$100 that would defeat Ashton. Denny Killeen, of Philadelphia, came on with Jimmy Ryan to try and win the \$100. A large crowd was present. Billy Madden seconded Ashton, and Jimmy Ryan seconded Killeen. After 4 rounds had been fought, when Ashton had decidedly the best of the contest, Killeen pulled off the gloves, and E. F. Mallahan declared Ashton the winner. Ryan stated that he had only agreed to box 4 rounds, but he finally agreed to box another to please the audience. If Killeen had agreed to box 4 rounds he should have said so before the contest began. It was announced by Steve O'Donnell, the manager, that Killeen and Ashton would box 10 rounds, and Mallahan was notified that these were the conditions. Killeen quit before the 10 rounds were fought and lost the battle.

Jerry Murphy, the well-known boxer, while filling an engagement at the Scotia Music Hall, Glasgow, with Jimmy Kelly, of this city, knocked out Tommy Glynn, belonging to a rival team, Glynn had Murphy arrested, and then the New Yorker thrashed his brother, Henry Glynn. Murphy was up at the Police Court, Glasgow, on March 25, charged with having assaulted Henry and

Thomas Glynn, of the rival team of Glynn, Kelly, Bland and Young Sullivan. It was alleged that Murphy struck the brothers Glynn on the head and face with his fists and knocked them down. Mr. Angus Campbell, counsel, who appeared for the accused, tendered a plea of not guilty, on the ground that the complainants, who were professional champion boxers, came from Dundee to thrash his client, but got thrashed instead. The judge said he would impose a fine of £5, with the alternative of thirty days' imprisonment, and would also order the accused to find caution to keep the peace during the next six months under a penalty of £10 or suffer other thirty days' imprisonment.

Recently C. M. Anderson, the champion equestrian of the world, who has just arrived from California, posted \$250 at this office and issued the following challenge:

New York, April 7, 1886.

I do hereby challenge any man in the world to ride a race of any distance, from ten to twenty (20) miles up, over any official track that he may choose, for a sum of money, between \$500 and \$2,500 a side, each rider to have the use of five (5) horses or more, according to distance of race, and to change every mile. I am most anxious to ride against Mr. John Murphy, of New York, as he holds the present fastest record for one hundred and fifty-five (155) miles, and I have come East with the intention of making a race with him, if it is possible to do so; otherwise, I shall be pleased to hear from any other long-distance rider in the world. To prove I mean business I have posted \$250 with Richard K. Fox, and will be ready to meet any one accepting my offer any day they appoint at the Police Gazette office.

CHAS. M. ANDERSON, of California, champion long-distance equestrian of the world.

We have received the following from George Fullames, the well-known Canadian boxer.

Toronto, April 6.

To the Sporting Editor:

Sir—A challenge published in a New York paper, and signed by a Toronto gentleman who claims to be Harry Gilmore's backer, has come under my notice. In this challenge the writer offers to match Harry Gilmore against any 125-pound man in America, for from \$500 to \$1,000 a side. With regard to the figures I think there must be some mistake, as I do not think there is a man in Toronto who would beat \$500 on the result of a fight or glove contest. If he had said \$250 or \$100 it would appear more probable that he meant business. This same gentleman says he will bet \$700 against \$500 that Gilmore can defeat Geo. Fullames, if he (Fullames) will agree to meet Gilmore according to Marquis of Queensbury rules. I will meet Harry Gilmore at 125 pounds weight, any rules, and any place he may think proper, providing it is outside of Canada. I will bet him \$500 against \$700 that I can defeat him. To show that I am in earnest I have this day put up \$100 as a forfeit in the hands of J. Somers, Albert street, who shall be temporary stakeholder. The meeting should take place eight weeks from date of signing articles.

Geo. FULLAMES.

A special dispatch from our correspondent at Detroit, Mich., gives the following particulars of the great battle fought at Carleton, Mich., on April 9, between Harry Gilmore, the light-weight champion of Canada, and Jack Lawrence, of Canada. The men fought with small gloves for \$500 and the light-weight championship of Canada. The battle was one of the most stubborn and desperate encounters ever witnessed. The men got to work at twenty-four minutes past one A. M., and fought only eight rounds. It was apparent from the first that the contest was in earnest, and after the third round it was seen that unless Lawrence speedily gave up he would be rightfully punished by Gilmore, who, finding that Lawrence was bent on guarding his wind, struck savagely at his face, almost every blow counting. When in the fourth round Lawrence lost his temper and rushed blindly on Gilmore he sealed his fate. A succession of terrific blows were delivered by his antagonist, which caused Lawrence's face to assume the rawness of beefsteak, and closed one eye. Lawrence was practically beaten at the close of this round, but he came up game when time was called and was again knocked all bloody from his waist up, and tottered about the ring receiving terrible punishment. In the seventh round Gilmore was knocked down by a blow on the chin. It was about the only good one that Lawrence got in on him. Gilmore soon had terrible revenge, with a blow on Lawrence's injured eye that sounded hard enough to fell an ox. Gilmore instantly followed it with a succession of blows on Lawrence's face that knocked the latter half senseless. In the eighth and last round Lawrence staggered around the ring like a drunken man, while Gilmore took it easy, and after several severe blows in the face, gave Lawrence a terrible thump on the neck, which knocked him senseless. His seconds carried him to his corner and partially revived him. The referee gave the match to Gilmore, who won \$1,100. The total fighting time was only 35 minutes, the contest terminating at 2 o'clock.

The following circular been sent from this office to all oarsmen in both hemispheres:

New York, April 9, 1886.

To whom it may concern:

Now, it is an established fact that Wm. Beach, the champion oarsman of the world, is to visit England, and that he makes the trip from Australia specially, because neither John Teemer, the champion oarsman of America, or Edward Haulan, the ex-champion, will agree to visit Australia to row for the championship of the world. I have decided to offer the Australian oarsman a fair proposition in order that he will also visit the United States and compete for the championship of the world. It is a well-known fact that there is no trophy that represents the single-scutt rowing championship of the world, and it is the desire of the representative oarsmen of Canada and the United States to have a regular recognized emblem which will represent the single-scutt aquatic world, I have decided to have a rowing trophy manufactured and it will be valued at \$1,000, and will be the recognized single scull champion trophy of the world. In order that every oarsman in the world may have an opportunity to compete for the "Police Gazette" rowing trophy, I have decided to arrange a grand international single scull rowing regatta for \$5,000 in cash prizes, the championship trophy, valued at \$1,000, and the championship of the world, the purse to be decided as follows: First prize, \$3,000; second, \$1,200; third, \$500; fourth, \$300. In order that William Beach, who now holds the title of champion of the world, may be induced to enter the race, I will give him \$500 for expenses. The race to be 4 miles, with a turn, and to be governed by the rules of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen. Each contestant will start from buoys anchored 100 feet apart, and turn buoys the same distance apart at the end of the 2 miles. The race will take place between the first and fifteenth of July, 1886. If Wm. Beach consents to come to America. All entries to be made on or before June 25.

POLICE GAZETTE OFFICE.

RICHARD K. FOX.

Turn Hall, in East Fourth street, New York, on April 3, was well filled with an audience of athletic young men, mostly of German extraction, to see the Lennox Club amateur all-round athletic competition for men who do not weigh over 125 pounds. The pressing up of heavy dumb-bells was the first feat in the contest. Harry Pettitt, of Brooklyn, won the event, and second place was declared a draw between J. C. Schneibel and John F. Van Esau, of the Young Men's Christian Association. Then came a boxing bout to obtain a verdict on a second trial. Then came a boxing bout between P. H. Flanagan and John F. Van Esau, who were both in lively style and soon had each other's noses painted a deep scarlet. Indian club swinging formed the second event in the regular all-round contest, and as the other competitors withdrew Schneibel had things his own way, scoring three points. Then came an exhibition of boxing between J. Lynch and John Van Houten. The third event in the all-round contest was the parallel bars. Pettitt, the amateur champion of Brooklyn, gave the first and a very interesting exhibition. Harry Schneibel followed and tried to do him one better. Flanagan of the Olympics, did good work. The judges gave the award to Pettitt, with Mr. Schneibel second. The boxing bout of the tournament was between Pettitt and Joe Smith. They went at it like bulls at a gate and drew long and loud applause. Their swinging round arm blows were powerful, if not extra quick. Pettitt, who knocked Smith down twice, was declared the winner at the beginning of the second round, Smith declined to be battered any more. The wrestling match between Keny and Flynn, of the Pastime Athletic Club, was in catch-as-catch-can style, business-like from the start. Flynn won the first fall and Keny the second. Frank Sabuka, ex-amateur middle-weight champion, and a pupil from the West Side Athletic Club, gave an exhibition at boxing. They were followed by McAllen and Lynch, who were even more of the "beefsteak and skewer" principle. Pettitt and Schneibel were the only competitors in the running high jumping contest, which Schneibel finally won, covering the tape at 4 feet 7 inches. Mr. Pettitt won the competition and the medal with 12 points. Mr. Schneibel being second with 7 points. The two amateurs, McGinty and Trolan, wound up the affair with a four round slugging match in which bloody noses and knock-knoses were not scarce. A fifth was ordered and Trolan got the verdict.

THE REFEREE.

His Thoughts, Opinions and Expressions on Matters of Sporting Interest.

If William Beach will condescend to visit this country he will have every opportunity of winning \$3,000 in a fair and manly contest with the car, and will receive \$500 expenses for spending a week on the Atlantic.

An exchange says: "Judging from the great inducements offered by Richard K. Fox for a grand international regatta, Wm. Beach should combine pleasure with profit and decide to make a short spin across the Atlantic to contend in the race."

"Hanlan agrees to row if the race is in July, while Teemer agrees to row if the regatta takes place in August. Neil Masterson, the well-known Australian oarsman, now on his way to England, may also be induced to enter."

I think Gaudaur and Hamm, who are going to row double this season, will gain second place in any race they figure.

I understand they are looking for championship races in doubles, and have ordered a new double and a single from Davies, of Cambridge, Mass.

John A. St. John, of St. Louis, a popular promoter of aquatic sports, is behind Gaudaur and Hamm, and ready to back them to row all comers.

If I had to select two oarsmen to outrow them, I should make a flying trip to Portland and return by way of Union Springs, and rest satisfied I made a profitable trip.

I have read this paragraph in a dozen papers: "A London sporting man writes: 'Everybody here thinks Jim Smith can paralyze Sullivan. Smith will stand up and take all the punishment given, and he is a terribly hot hitter.'"

I differ with the London sporting man, and firmly believe, with or without gloves, that the boat would be on the other foot.

Judging from the fact that Smith refuses to invade the United States to attempt to conquer Sullivan and win the championship, the fact about him being a paralyzer does not amount to much.

I am informed that Smith is willing to meet Sullivan on any soil but that, Charley White, the Duke's Mole, refuses to back him unless the battle is decided in England, Ireland or France.

A match well made is half won, and English bookies are well in at making bets, but if they want their local champion to meet the premier in the prize ring, they will have to cross the briny deep.

American patrons of the prize ring and their backers have had what I consider more than an overdose of English match making when we remember the great historical match with Heenan and Sayers, and the battle fought by the American champion three years later.

Sayers then held the premiership, and to attempt to win that title Heenan had to cross the Atlantic, and the English press, prior to the arranging of the preliminaries, insisted that he should do so.

It is twenty-six years since they met at Farnborough, but the American champion's queer treatment is not forgotten.

Sullivan stands in the same position as Sayers did in 1859, therefore he has a perfect right to demand England's champion to enter the Eagle's nest in the same manner as the American champion had to beard the Lion in his den.

George Hosmer is getting ready for an active campaign. He will use his Buckshot shell, built last year, in his race against Hanlan at Lake St. Joseph, Quebec, June 24, for a purse of \$1,500.

I believe Hosmer expects to arrange a match with Laing early in the season, as Laing owed it to him.

If such a race is arranged I shall expect to see Montreal's champion win.

Hosmer is not the speedy sculler he used to be, and when he meets Hanlan I should not be surprised to see the coming champion of the world win by a dozen lengths if he wants to do so.

I understand the New York Yacht Club at its next meeting, will consider the subject offered by a committee, appointed for the purpose of creating a class for sloops of 70 feet and upward.

I think this will make the large ones, such as Priscilla and Puritan, sail together, relieving such boats as the Be'douin, Gracie and Mischief from racing under such unfair advantages.

Memphis papers report that Corrigan's racing filly Lizzie Dwyer overpowered her jockey and ran a way twice.

I think there must be a screw loose somewhere, for the was in no condition for such an accident, as her leg has been badly swollen ever since she was cut down at St. Louis in June, 1885.

I understand Alf Greenfield has retired from theistic arena and was recently tendered a two days' benefit at Birmingham, England.

Jem Mace and George Freyer both smothered him, so it is time he should retire.

If Frank Glover is only given a fair show with Jack Burke this time he will just about clip the wings of the Lambeth, England, pugilist.

Glover is the heavy-weight champion of Illinois and a better man than many will give him credit for.

I am satisfied, after the plucky battle Dick Matthews, of Australia, made with Jack Brady, that San Francisco sporting men will now believe that he is just as good as I said he was.

Then the judgment passed in these columns was that Matthews was a strong, hard hitter, with powers to stay and take all the punishment any local man was able to give, and then come back strong and hearty enough to finish the man who had worn himself out trying to do him.

I did not claim any credit for him as a finished, scientific boxer, and he was simply put up as a game stayer, who would not be knocked out, and who had strength enough to last.

I think his battle with Brady was ample demonstration of the correctness of this judgment, and the really knowing ones accepted the big odds offered by Brady's partisans fast enough to bet them to a standstill by the end of the second round, when everything looked in favor of Brady.

By the way, I must give J. C. Seymour, our correspondent of the Pacific Slope, great credit for the able and successful

manner in which he arranged and brought off the battle between Matthews and Brady.

Charley Mitchell, the referee in the Brady-Matthews affair, also deserves great credit for the pluck he displayed while filling that position.

In my mind it is doubtful if a less cool-headed and experienced authority had been in his place, if the battle would have been fought to a finish on its merits. The English champion's generalship of the crowd was both moral and physical, the former suasion being used on the gentlemen present and his muscles on the unruly spectators, who only came to see their man win.

On April 9, while I was thinking about the chances of Sullivan and Smith battling for the championship, I was surprised by receiving a visit from H. M. Johnson, the champion sprinter, who won the great Sheffield handicap in England last March and who had just returned safe from England with George Smith, the sprinter of Pittsburgh, who also some years ago won a Sheffield handicap.

He achieved first honors after one of the most sensational finishes ever known, the final heat having had to be run twice. For this unprecedented mishap, however, no blame can be attached to Tom Wilkinson, who, as usual, handled the fire-iron.

The cap snapped at the first attempt, and the three men ran the course, despite the efforts of Wilkinson to call them back. After resting about half an hour they again came out, Johnson as before leading the way, and, what was better, he won the race cleverly.

Johnson's victory was really a very popular one, as several English attempts were made to jeopardize his chance.

On the first day, I believe, he was so much hustled about and annoyed that it was considered advisable to have his person protected by eight policemen, four on each side of him, on the second day, when he wished to have a stroll over the grounds during the interval allowed for the final heat.

Many who had their money on Edge would have injured him if they dared.

No one, however, attempted to molest him, but the sight was rather a strange one to me, having never seen anything of the like before. It was asserted by many that he had been interfered with while running in the first heat by one of the police, and if true the attempt to knock him out was certainly a most reprehensible one.

Johnson deserves great credit, not only for winning at first time of asking, and from a mark that was not at all in his favor, but for the great gameness he displayed. A more timid man would easily have been vanquished were he ever so fleet of foot.

Johnson is an exceedingly well-built young fellow, standing, as he told me himself, 5 feet 11½ inches in height, and weighs 216 pounds in his ordinary apparel.

I hear many abusing Sullivan, and some persons claim that he is not charitably disposed.

This is a mistake. John L. Sullivan has given away more money in charity in proportion to his means, than a dozen Vanderbilts or Astors or Goulds. Four or five years ago there was a young man living in the Highlands who contracted consumption, and, being poor, the young men of the neighborhood got up a ball for his benefit, the price of tickets being set at \$1 each.

Before the ball came off Mr. Sullivan returned from one of his sparring tours, and, hearing of the project in favor of the sick young man, whom he had known from boyhood, he gave it his hearty approval, did all he could to make it a success, and on the night appointed went to the ball, and handing five twenty-dollar gold pieces to the ticket taker, explained in his deep gruff voice: "That's for my ticket."

A few months ago he left his saloon on Washington street in company with some friends, and, while walking down Kneeland street, saw a poor woman crying beside a heap of furniture piled up on the sidewalk.

The champion stopped and inquired of her, as tenderly as he could, what the trouble was, and, being informed that she was being ejected from her humble home for non-payment of four months' rent, amounting to \$10, he pulled out a roll of bills, and, going with her to the landlord, he not only settled for the arrears, but paid a month's rent in advance and gave the woman \$20.

And this to an entire stranger, whom he had never seen or spoken to before! How many of the men who have gained a reputation for philanthropy would have acted as liberally?

His liberality to men of the sporting fraternity has become proverbial. Few of them fail to appeal to him when in distress, and never in vain. Everybody knows of his kindness to the late Joe Goss, and there are hundreds of others who are equally indebted to him.

But it is not in single cases, or to one class alone, that John L. Sullivan gives. The Little Sisters of the Poor and other charitable institutions have no more generous patron than he. If John is in the store when the Sisters make their weekly call he never thinks of giving less than a bill, and the bill is more likely to be a five or a ten, or even a twenty, than a one or two.

"If a horse was lame in the head, I'd have his shoes off and examine his feet"—this authority was accustomed to say. The operation of firing is happily far less common than it used to be in a more ignorant and less humane age, but blistering with undue and mischievous severity is still far too general.

"The fallacy of the bearing-rein tradition," the writer says, "has been so often and so ably exposed that it needs only passing comment. Here the fault does not invariably rest with the groom, for it is asserted that

Many men, and most women, seem to think that, in London at least, a horse's appearance is improved by having his head and neck cruelly braced up to an unnatural angle." Want of thought and feeling on the part of servants, however, adds severity to the abuse.

It is too frequently the case that grooms act more from custom than from common sense, and—though this is a point which the writer of the article does not dwell upon—fail to recognize the fact that horses' constitutions vary very considerably, so that what is most judicious treatment for one animal is most injudicious when applied to another.

Among the traditions which are condemned is the groom's habit of physicing his horses at set times of the year, irrespective of the consideration whether or not they need physicing.

The almost inevitable supposition of the groom that a horse is lame in the shoulder when the seat of the injury is not immediately apparent receives due notice; the circumstance that lameness very rarely does affect the shoulder is pointed out, and the maxim of a celebrated horse dealer is quoted.

I understand that the team that Princeton College will parade in the inter-collegiate games at Mott Haven, was selected on April 5, at Princeton, and is composed as follows:

Adams, Griffith, Guthrie, Halsey, H. Hodge and Toler, of the senior class; Stearns, of the junior class; Carter, Fenton, Hamilton and Thompson, sophomores, and Cook, freshman.

The tug-of-war team will consist of—1. Jamison, '87; 2. McEllan, '86; 3. Calhoun, '86; (captain), 4. Cowan, '88 (anchor).

The "Sporting Man's Companion" is a book every sporting man should procure for reference. It will be mailed from this office on receipt of 25 cents.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TO NEWS AGENTS, POSTMASTERS, ETC.

I will give a liberal discount and furnish sample copies and advertising matter free to all news agents, postmasters and others who will make a personal canvass of their districts for the Police Gazette, the greatest sporting and sensational illustrated newspaper in the world. Send for full particulars to RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

J. B., Boston.—No.
H. I. C., New York.—No.
JACK, Boston, Mass.—No.
J. T., Trenton, N. Y.—Yes.
A. T. B., Hartford, Conn.—No.
A. T. B., Mississippi City.—No.
M. C., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—No.
G. K., Reading, Pa.—Is correct.
Sunshine, Belleville, Can.—A loss.
O. E. C., Luverne, Minn.—Spot the cue ball.
P. Paterson, N. J.—Have not any such record.
O. H. P., Chicago, Ill.—Derby first run in 1780.
J. C., Philadelphia, Pa.—There was no referee.
F. V. B., Greenpoint, L. I.—Have not his record.
W. C. F., Louisville.—We never knew such a jockey.
W. L. McC., Cincinnati, O.—No such book published.
W. S. A., Longmont, Col.—Not that we ever heard of.
G. H., Grand Rapids.—Yes. Send on photo and sketch.
J. G., Clayton, N. C.—Write to the American News Company.
J. G., Plymouth, Pa.—We do not know of such a purse offered.
A. F., Clayton, Mass.—He has challenged both colored and white.
S. G., Baltimore.—I. We answer no correspondent by mail.
2. No.
J. O. K. S., New York City.—No. Secure a trainer and boxing teacher.
W. E., McG., New York City.—We have nothing to do with the grounds.
H. D., Summitville, Col.—Peck & Snyder, Nassau street, New York City.
W. H. W., New Haven, Conn.—At what distance do you want record of?
C. C., Toronto.—Your photo was damaged in mail. Send on another with sketch.
CONSTANT READER, Youngstown, Ohio.—1. Procure the "American Athlete." 2. No.
NEWSPAPER, Paterson, N. J.—At Peck & Snyder, Nassau street, New York City.
G. T., Chicago.—Four aces are the best, unless it was agreed straight should count.
M. A. J., Butte, Mont.—Ryan weighed 193; Sullivan, 195. On what page did you see it?
D. J. H., Columbus, Ohio.—The Hoffman House bar is acknowledged to be the best.
B., Ratan, N. M.—There is no such record as 1 minute 36½ seconds for a mile by a horse.
M. A. J., Butte City, Montana.—Sullivan weighed 195 pounds when he fought Paddy Ryan.
C. W. S., Boston, Mass.—Nelson, Prince, Woodside, are all champions at their distances.
S. D., Haverstraw, N. Y.—Sullivan will insist on having the battle fought on American soil.
R. H. L., Cass County, Dak.—1. Send a money order for it, with your name and address. 2. About \$4 per year.
A. T. B., Nevada, Mo.—Smith and Sullivan have not yet signed articles. The only bitch is the battle ground.
H. D., New York.—An amateur roller skater is one that does not compete for gate money or against professionals.
H. E., Misen, South Evanston, Cook Co., Ill.—Isaac Murphy, who is to ride for E. J. Baldwin, is a colored jockey.
A. CONSTANT READER, Evans, Mich.—Jack Dempsey claims he defeated the party you refer to in Athletic Hall, Thirteenth street.
F. E., Unionville, Conn.—Yes. 2. Send for "The Champions of the English and American Prize Ring." It contains the battle.
W. R., Poughkeepsie.—1. May 11, 1883, is the date of the mill in which Jim Dunn and Jimmy Elliott fought for \$300 a side. 2. Don't know.
W. W., Oil City, Pa.—If a card is exposed in helping, give the others their cards first, then go back and help the man whose card was exposed.
CONSTANT READER, Pittsburg, Pa.—Jack Dempsey and George LeBlanche never fought until they met at Larchmont, L. I., on March 14, 1886.
A. M. K., Greenville, O.—Joseph Doyle, better known as Peanuts and "Slab" Baker, first introduced three-card monte at the Beacon House, Hoboken, N. J., in 1844.
W. G. M., Reading, Pa.—Jack Dempsey arrived in this country in 1863. Seconds were Frank White. Dempsey weighed 128 pounds; McDonald, 134 pounds.
J. W., Hartford, Conn.—1. No. 2. Sullivan may have several backers, but when it is necessary to put up \$5,000 or \$10,000 they may not care about risking their money.
"DUMMY EUCHE" Brooklyn, N. Y.—The rule of the house in which game is played governs all bets. The Police Gazette does not recognize "dummy euche" as a game.
T. J. G., Ottawa, Ill.—According to the rules of the London prize ring a round is ended when a man is thrown or knocked down, and Marquis of Queensbury three minutes constitute a round.
J. C., Brookfield, Conn.—1. Hermit won the English Derby in 1867, Marksman ran second and Vanhan third. 2. Blue Gown won the Derby in 1868, King Alfred was second and Speculum third.
CONSTANT READER, New York.—1. A wins. E. D. Davis made the time when he ran George Adams at Bloomington, but it was never recorded for some reason. 2. We have seen Davis run under 10 seconds.
T. B., Chicago.—Isomony won the Cambridgeshire in 1878. He was then owned by F. Gretton. Betting was 40 to 1 against him. Lord Roseberry's Touchet was second and R. Pecks La Merville third. Have no record.
T. H. G., Carrollton, N. Y.—The party holding two pair wins. If a party opens a jack-pot without having the openers, as in this case, he not only loses the pot but has to put up the original amount that was in the pot.
E. W. SLAT, Lake City.—The London Prize Ring Rules differ from the Marquis of Queensbury rules. In the former 30 seconds rest is allowed between each round, and in the latter the pugilists must fight 3 minutes, and 1 minute rest is allowed between each round.
S. W., Boston.—The best dumb bell record for lifting the heaviest bell was made by Louis Cyr of Montreal, at Quebec, on March 15, 1866. He put up a 218-pound bell in a match with David Michaud. On Jan. 30, 1866, at Montreal, Cyr put up a 210-pound bell, beating all records.
T. H. W., Manistee.—A and B are playing casino. Both are nearly out. A builds 9, B plays and A builds another pile of 8. B plays again and A takes in his 8, builds and calls game. B could have called game. Question: Can A call game, leaving a build on the table? Ans. A wins.
D. H., North Brookfield, Mass.—As a matter of fact there is no such special type as "Irish-American." It is a term, however, often applied to persons born in Ireland (and therefore Irish) and American by naturalization. B wins because birth in America makes a straight unmixed American without regard to nativity of parents.
H. S., Boston.—Richard K. Fox on April 3 telegraphed he would give a \$1,000 trophy to represent the single scull championship of the world, \$5,000 divided as follows: \$3,000 to first, \$1,200 to second, \$500 to third and \$300 for fourth, to be rowed in July or August 1886, at Rockaway, New York, and allow Wm. Beach \$500 to come over from England to row. Beach will arrive in England in May.
A. D., Philadelphia, Pa.—Jack Broughton, the English pugilist, was champion of England from 1740 to 1750. He was the first man to draw up any definite rules for the regulation of a prize fight. He never ceased attempting to improve his knowledge, while his contemporaries thought that the height of enjoyment was to be found in the pot-house, wasting time and strength in degrading and brutalizing dissipation. It is said of this pugilist that he could always show his patrons something new every time he appeared on the stage of the amphitheatre, and so perfect a master of his art was he that he never became noted for any peculiar blow or

style of punishing, and except that he always exhibited his knowledge of the cross-buttock in all his encounters, it may be said that he never was the same style of boxer in two distinct encounters.

J. S. Erie, Pa.—1. Yes. 2. Plaisanterie, the French horse who won the Ceaserewitch and Cambridgeshire, sire Wellingtonia, is a half-brother to W. L. Scott's (of Erie, Pa.) imported stallion Rayon d'Or, being by Chattanooga, out of Aracuria (Rayon d'Or's dam), by Ambrose: grandam Pocahontas (the dam of Stockwell, Ratanplan, King Tom, Knight of St. Patrick, etc., by Glencoe.) Chattanooga was himself by Orlando, out of Ayacancora, by Birdcatcher, out of Pocahontas, by Glencoe. It follows that Wellingtonia is a very inbred horse, Pocahontas being both his grandam and great-grandam. On her dam's side Plaisanterie is equally well bred, being out of Potestas, by Trocadero (son of Monarque), out of La Dorette, by The Ranger (who was a son of Voltigeur), out of Mon Ruelle, by Fitz-Gladiator (grandam of Pierre Lorillard's Mortemer.)

W. G., New Orleans, La.—1. Joe Wormald arrived in New York from England on Aug. 4, 1868. 2. Ned O'Baldwin came to New York in December, 1867. 3. No. 4. On Oct. 29, 1868, O'Baldwin and Wormald met to fight at Lynndale, Mass. O'Baldwin was twenty-nine and Wormald twenty-eight years of age. George Brooke and George Batts seconded Wormald, while Joe Coburn and Charley Diamond seconded O'Baldwin. Only one round was fought. Wormald gained first blood, and had the best of the fighting during the 10 minutes the round lasted, when the police broke into the ring. Both principals were arrested and conveyed to Lynn, Mass., and they were, upon examination, required to furnish \$5,000 bonds to appear for trial, and they were committed. O'Baldwin was bailed on Oct. 29, 1868, and Wormald on Oct. 31, 1868. Dan Noble, who was final stakeholder, appointed another place of fighting. Wormald refused to be at the place appointed and the stakes were awarded to O'Baldwin.

G. M., Newtown, Conn.—1. Yes. 2. B. wins. Peter Morris, the feather-weight champion of England, is dead. He died at Birmingham, England, Oct. 15, 1873. He broke a blood vessel coughing. 3. Peter Morris was born at Birmingham, England, Aug. 7, 1840. He made his first debut in this country on Nov. 30 and Dec. 1, 1868, when he defeated young Dymock for \$150 in 33 rounds, lasting 51 His subsequent ring engagements were as follows: beat J. G. Rafferty, for \$100, 16 rounds, 20 minutes, July 4, 1869; beat J. Hartley for \$250, 94 rounds, 1 hour 17 minutes, April 5, 1869; beat J. Hartley again for \$250, 33 rounds, 1 hour 30 minutes, May 7, 1869; beat Geo. Holden for \$500, 64 rounds (two rings) 2 hours 9 minutes, Aug. 28, 1869; beat M. Roberts for \$1,000, 41 rounds, 2 hours, 18 minutes, Sept. 15, 1869; beat J. Fox, for \$250, 35 rounds, 1 hour, 4 minutes, April 17, 1869; fought a draw with Geo. Holden, for \$1,000 (two rings), 41 rounds, 1 hour 52 minutes, Nov. 28, 1869; fought a draw with Harry Taylor, for \$250 (Morris being arrested), 1 minute, in 1869; beat Frank Wilson, for a purse, 8 rounds, 20 minutes, 41 seconds, Feb. 10, 1870. He visited this country in 1867, arriving on July 21 and leaving Nov. 28.

N. S., Boston, Mass.—1. A wins. 2. Walter Jamison and Sam Collier are one person. 3. Sam Collier was born in this country and his parents were Scotch and French descent. He always resided in Brooklyn, E. D., until the war, when he volunteered and joined a Brooklyn regiment under Col. Alexander. He served in the army and gained many laurels for bravery at Fort Monroe. During the year 1868 Collier entered the prize ring and fought several battles. He defeated Jack Donnelly and then Mike Parr. Race Bolster of Washington was the next pugilist he conquered. He then defeated Johnny McGlade of New York for \$2,000; then Barney Aaron for \$2,000, at Pohok Landing, West Va. Aaron made the second match for \$2,000 and the lightweight championship. The fight took place at Aquia Creek, Va., in 1867, and Collier was defeated after a long and terrible battle. Collier was then matched to fight Billy Kelly of New York for \$2,000. The fight came off at Pennsylvania and Collier was the victor. On Aug. 24, 1868 Collier met Billy Edwards at Cove River, Va., to fight for \$2,000 and the lightweight championship. Edwards won in 47 rounds, lasting one hour 14 minutes. On March 7, 1870, Collier again met Edwards for the same amount and title at Mystic Island, Conn. Edwards was again the victor. Forty rounds were fought in 45 minutes. On Aug. 11, 1874, Collier for the third time was beaten by Edwards; the stakes were \$2,000 and the fight took place at Pittsburg. Edwards won in 10 rounds, lasting 24 minutes. During the intervals that elapsed between Collier's prize ring engagements the latter appeared at the numerous variety theatres in the role of a comedian, clog dancer, etc. He seconded Walken, who was killed in the fatal fight with Weeden, and was sent to Trenton State Prison. He was, however, pardoned by Gov. McClellan before his time expired.

W. S. G., Altoona, Pa.—The Astley 6 day go-as-you-please belt and a record of races for the trophy: First race, at Agricultural Hall, Islington, London, March 18 to 23, 1878—Dan O'Leary, 529 2-7 miles; H. Vaughan, 500 1-7 miles; "Blower" Ryan, 477 2-7 miles; G. Ide, 405 4-7 miles; J. Smith, 394 6-7 miles; W. Correy, 335 2-7 miles; W. Lewis, 270 miles; P. McCarthy, 264 2-7 miles; J. McLeavy, 250 6-7 miles; J. Gregory, 231 3-7 miles; J. Groves, 220 2-7 miles; G. Johnson, 205 miles; W. Smith, 194 miles; S. R. Johnson, 182 miles; W. H. Smythe, 176 miles; J. Bailey, 139 miles; C. C. Martyn, 65 miles; G. Hazael, 50 miles. Second race, at Madison Square Garden, New York city, Sept. 30 to Oct. 5, 1878—D. O'Leary, 403 miles; J. Hughes, 310 miles. Third race, at Madison Square Garden, New York city, March 10 to 15, 1879—C. Rowell, 500 miles 180 yards; J. Ennis, 475 miles 300 yards; C. Harriman, 450 miles 800 yards; D. O'Leary, 216 miles 1,400 yards. Fourth race, at Agricultural Hall, London, England, June 16 to 21, 1879—E. P. Weston, 550 miles; Blower Brown, 453 miles; J. Ennis, 190 miles; W. Harding, 109½ miles. Fifth race, at Madison Square Garden, New York city, Sept. 22 to 27, 1879, track 50 feet 4 inches short on each mile—C. Rowell, 530 miles; S. Merritt, 515 miles; G. Hazael, 500½ miles; F. H. Hart, 484½ miles; G. Guyon, 471 miles; E. P. Weston, 455 miles; J. Ennis, 450½ miles; F. Krone, 450½ miles; L. E. Fodermyer, 348 miles; N. Taylor, 350½ miles; H. Jackson, 232½ miles; P. J. Pancho, 203½ miles; W. H. Dutcher, 23½ miles. Sixth race, at Agricultural Hall, London, England, Nov. 1 to 6, 1880—C. Rowell, 566 miles 63 yards; G. Littlewood, 470 miles 754 yards; J. Dobler, 450 miles; H. Howard, 240 1-7 miles; W. Pegram, 88 miles; Blower Brown, 73 5-7 miles. Seventh and last race, at Marble Cliff, Clapham Road, London, England, June 20 to 22, 1881—C. Rowell, 280 miles; E. P. Weston, 201½ miles.

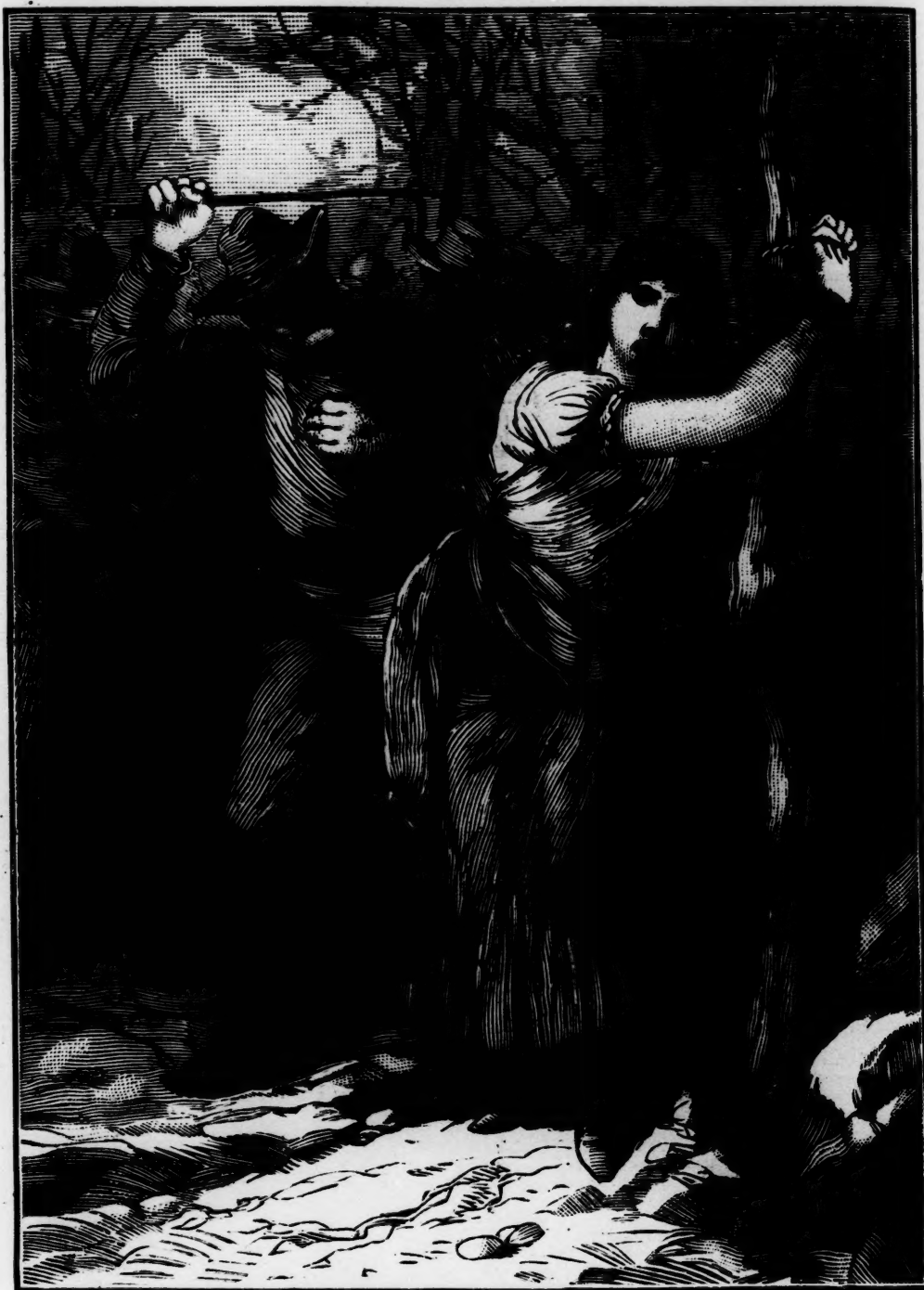
J. W., Chicago, Ill.—Dick Collier, the English pugilist who recently arrived here, hails from Leicester, England. He stands 5 feet 8½ inches and weighs 165 pounds trained. He has battled with Barney Wallace of Leicester, April, 1875, in 2 hours 25 minutes for a purse, defeated Johnson of the same place in November of that year in 25 minutes, and while in it won two prize fights, boxing competitions. He was also matched with Private Spencer of the artillery, the fight came off at Bristol, 12 rounds in 40 minutes, and ended in a draw. He was then matched against O'Brien of his own regiment and defeated him in the 23rd round, the fight lasting 50 minutes; he also defeated Private Brown of the artillery for a purse subscribed by the officers in 3 rounds, the fight lasting 20 minutes. He left the army May 19th, 1877, stopping at Newport, Man., for a few months, during which time he was matched with "Punch" Robinson and drew the forfeit. Another match was then made and the fight came off August, 1877, in which "Punch" was defeated after 7 rounds in 30 minutes. After this Dick lay quiet for 2 or 3 years, his first appearance in public being with O. B. Batterbury at "Tug" Wilson's benefit at the Floral Hall, Leicester. Defeated Joe Perry of Sheffield in that town in 1882, 3 rounds, 7 minutes 35 seconds. Two months later beat Johnson of Rotherham, 3 rounds of 3 minutes each; the last two encounters took place under the Marquis of Queensbury's rules. In 1883 went under the care of Alf Greenfield of Birmingham, and during his stay with him of 12 months the sporting fraternity of that town had such faith in him that they backed him against all comers. On Feb. 16, 1884, fought Bill Hilford of Nottingham, and after fighting him 1 hour and 20 minutes the police interfered and the fight was declared a draw; if Collier had, however, received fair play he should have been declared the victor after fighting 25 minutes. While under Alf Greenfield's care gave exhibitions in the noble art at all the principal halls in England; for the past 12 months has been under engagement giving exhibitions in London and the provinces with Professor Abe Daltrey.

E. H. Roberts, Jerome Duckworth and George D. Rudy, Pool's Mills, Ky., state: "We learn from our postmaster that it is against the laws of Kentucky for your paper to be sent through the mails in this State, which we referred to the Postmaster General for investigation, who reports that you submitted the matter to the deputy postmaster at Pool's Mills, 'who did not give an opinion officially, but said if they sent their money they would get the Gazette or their money refunded.' Once for all let us say the Police Gazette can be mailed to any post office in the United States or Europe, and we shall be obliged at all times for information from any source where any doubt is thrown upon the subject by any official at any point."



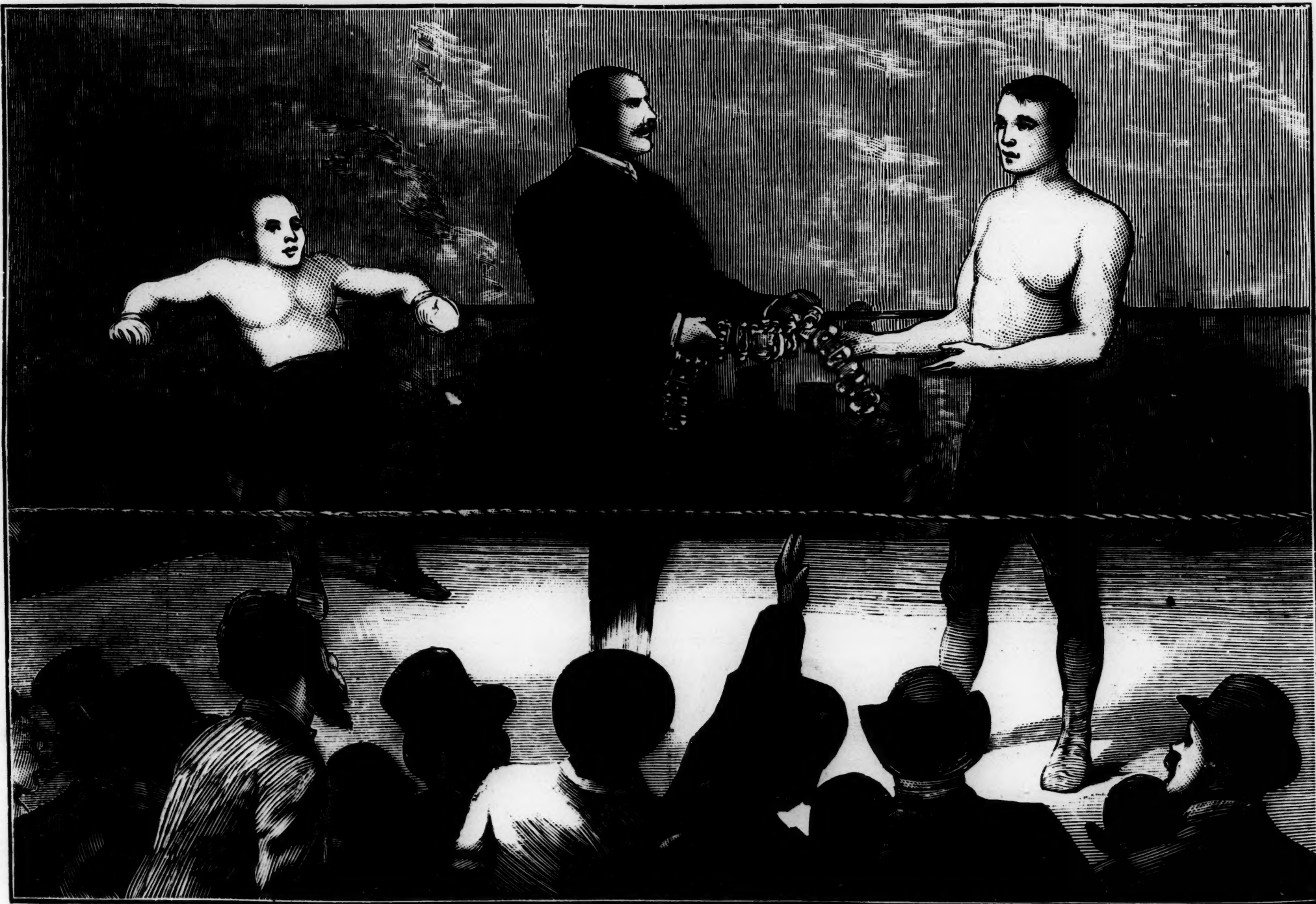
THE FLOODS IN CINCINNATI.

HOW THE BIG FOOTED AND BUXOM BELLES OF THE PORK PACKING PARIS OF AMERICA HAVE HAD TO WADE THROUGH HER INUNDATED PRINCIPAL STREETS.



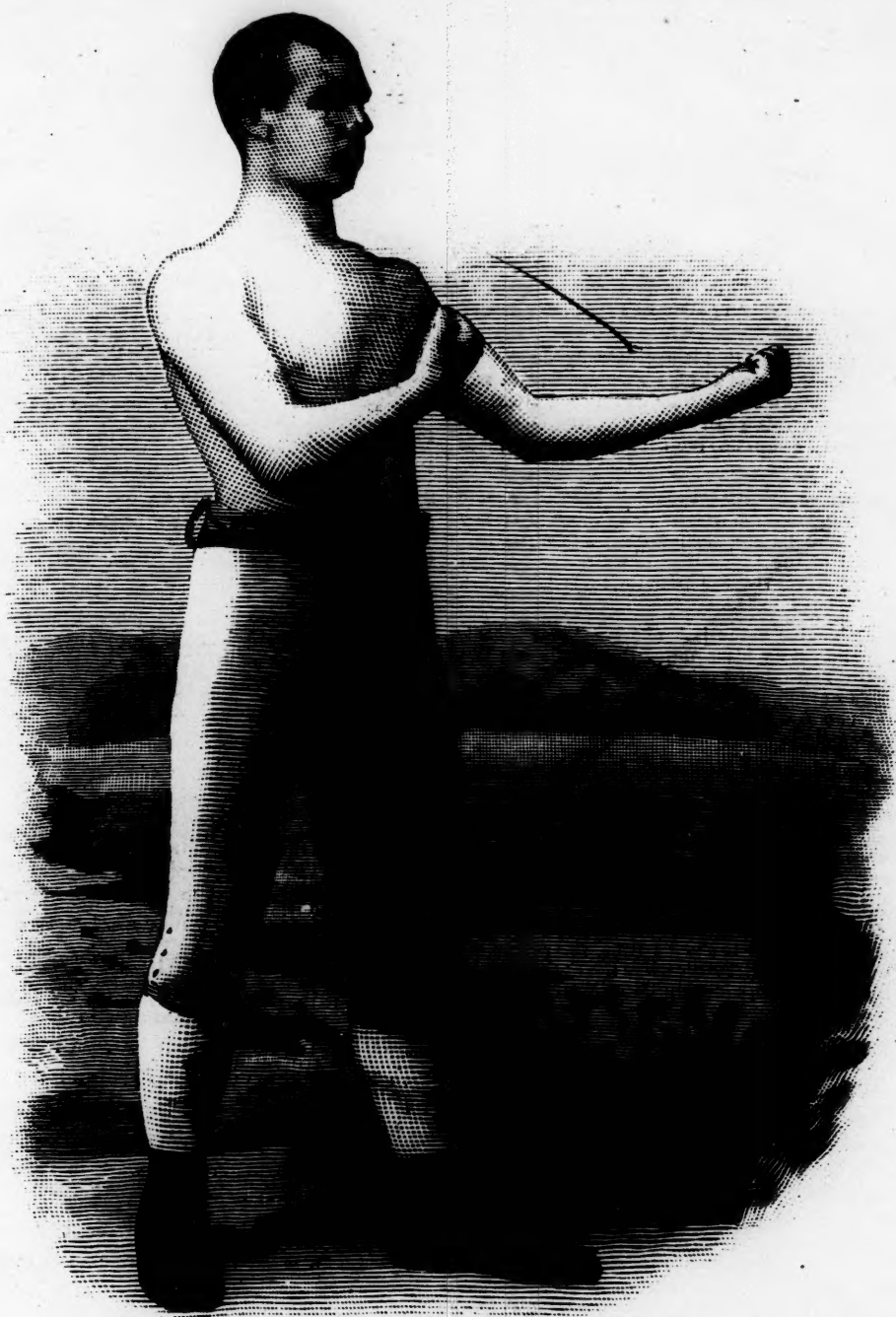
WHIPPED BY MOONSHINERS.

TWO FEMALE MEMBERS OF MR. B. C. COYLE'S FAMILY OF DALTON, GEORGIA, ARE CRUELLY AND OUTRAGEOUSLY BEATEN BY A GANG OF ILLICIT DISTILLERS OF HOVEY DEED.



A WELL-WON TROPHY.

EDWARD MALLAHAN, THE WELL-KNOWN SPORTING MAN, HANDS, WITH A NEAT SPEECH, TO JACK DEMPSEY, THE MAGNIFICENT DIAMOND BELT PRESENTED TO HIM BY RICHARD E. FOX.



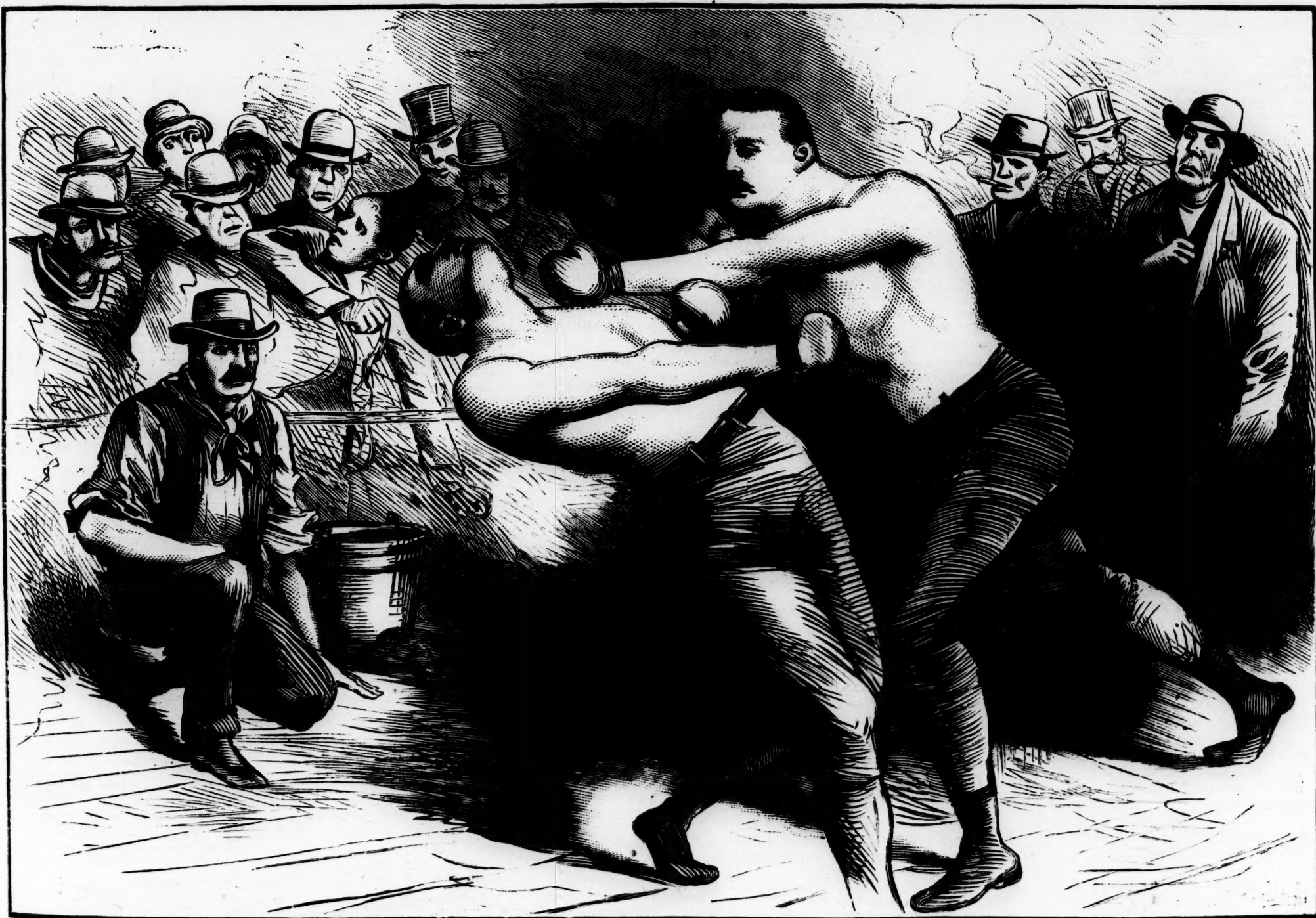
CON TOBIN,

A YOUNG AND PROMISING SIX-FOOT FUGILIST, NATIVE OF TROY AND A LIKELY HERO OF THE FUTURE.



CHARLES O. WALTON,

THE SPEEDY AND UNCONQUERABLE CHAMPION FIVE MILE ROLLER SKATER OF THE UNITED STATES.



A GREAT FIGHT.

THE RECENT DESPERATE FISTIC ENCOUNTER BETWEEN DICK MATTHEWS, THE CHAMPION OF AUSTRALIA, AND JACK BRADY, FOUGHT AT BERKELEY STATION, CONTRA COSTA CO., CAL

OUR NATIONAL GAME.

Latest Notes, Gossip and Comments
Upon Baseball Matters in All Parts
of the Country.



John M. Connell.

The very prominent young umpire, John M. Connell, more commonly known throughout baseball circles as John Connolly, owing to a scientific theory of Denny McKnight, ex-president of the American Association, is the subject of our illustration this week. Connell was born in this city in 1860, where he has resided ever since. He commenced his baseball career when quite a boy, playing with various junior and amateur clubs in this vicinity. His first remunerative engagement was with the semi-professional Delaware club of this city in 1881, where he posed as catcher. In the early part of 1882 he played with the Monitors, another well-known local semi-professional club. While with the Monitors he used to put in his spare time catching for business house teams, and it was in one of these games between the Thurburns and Barrons that he broke a finger, which was virtually the cause of his withdrawal from the arena, as it was while he was nursing his broken finger that he drifted into umpiring. He met with such marked success that his services were in great demand among the army of clubs in this vicinity. The Monitors about monopolized his services in 1883, when he umpired all their Sunday games at Weehawken, and the majority of their week day games at the Manhattan Athletic Grounds. While umpiring a game in Jersey City between the Metropolitans and Jersey Citys, in May, 1884, he attracted the attention of Manager James Mutrie by his prompt and impartial decisions, and it was really Mutrie who brought him into professional prominence. Through the untiring exertions of Mutrie the American Association appointed Connell a sub-umpire in August, 1884, and September 27 of the same year he was appointed one of the staff of regular umpires, which position he occupied until the close of 1885, and he would have been re-appointed this season had it not been that Mutrie stole him away this spring and had him appointed as one of the regular staff of National League umpires. Connell is 5 feet 9 inches in height and weighs 186 pounds.

At the time Connell was appointed a sub-umpire in the American Association, Terrence Connell was figuring prominently as an umpire, and to distinguish the difference between the two Connells the scientific Denny McKnight deliberately changed John Connell's name to John Connolly, which name has stuck to him ever since, and, in fact, he has even received his appointment in the League as John Connolly.

A coon league is being organized at Jacksonville, Fla.

Carroll is catching a great game for the Pittsburgs.

The back-water is knocking baseball higher than a kite in Nashville.

The ladies are plumb gone on base ball throughout the Southern cities.

Burdock has made up his mind to play ball this season for all it is worth.

Thompson has been finding the ball pretty lively this season for the Detroit Club.

Marr, of Nashville, is still in search of the end of his finger, which he lost March 11.

Hugh Nicol now holds the cake as the most successful grand stand player in the business.

The Atlantas are the favorites in betting circles throughout the Southern League cities.

The sporting editor of the "Free Press" feels highly elated over his appointment as official scorer.

The Atlantas have held up their end in great shape with all the clubs they have played with this season.

The Portland, Amherst and Yale Clubs were all stranded in this city recently by the stormy weather.

Tom Densley says that he has watched Mutrie, and he knows that he stays up all night and don't sleep at all.

Pittsburg and Cincinnati are beginning to scrap at this early date as to which will win the championship.

Harry Wright has at last come to his senses and has concluded to hold on to Manning, his crack batsman.

Alford, who was so shabbily treated by Charleston, was not left by a jugfull, as he caught on with Tommy Cummings.

The great Detroit nine has gone to pieces before they are called upon to do any heavy work in the championship race.

It is not a dead certainty that the Washingtons will not prove to be a "rossette" before the middle of the coming season.

No matter what anybody says, we do not believe the report that Jack Nelson has been playing ball for ninety-five years.

The free seats, which are dubbed "bleaching-boards" in this section of the country, are called "hippodrome" seats in the South.

This is just about the time that all the clubs in the various associations are claiming their respective championships on paper.

Rain knocked the Louisville out of 11 of their 22 games on their recent Southern tour, which aggregated a loss of about \$1,500.

Ah! Can it be possible that the Detroit people have discovered that the pitchers of their great team are not coming up to expectations.

Strange as it may seem the Atlantic Club will not contain a single player who helped to win the championship for them last season.

The Brooklyn Club management showed its good sound judgment by getting rid of Pete Hotelling, who is not even a credit to a bar-room.

The man that says you cannot always sometimes tell is the very man who comes nearest to hitting the mark when he does express an opinion.

The Athletics are now whining because they did not take a Southern trip this spring. It breaks Simmons' heart to see anybody else make a dollar.

It seems too bad that the National League indulge in such small potato actions as to stand on a matter of \$500 with an umpire of Bob Ferguson's ability.

Billy Barnie was heart-broken with his lusher last season. What on earth is going to become of him this season with the "stars" he will have to handle?

Foutz, of the St. Louis Browns, kind of took the conceit out of Latham, their professional sprint runner, by beating him about 2 feet in a 100-yard race.

Manager Cushman is now flying through the North casting his eagle eye in every direction in search for better stuff than are now representing Charleston.

Economy is wealth, and the Boston Club propose that as their motto this season. Billings will handle the score card privilege in interest of the club's treasury.

Jim White is trying to work a place in the Detroit team for his brother Will. Wonder if a house and lot will be thrown in as an inducement to get Will to sign.

An amateur Barkley case is now in progress between the Meridian and Bridgeport Clubs of the Eastern League over Murphy, who has signed with both clubs.

The New England League will have to have an eye peeled for another city, as their Boston representative club has thrown up the sponge for lack of financial support.

The Western League Clubs are jubilant over their great luck this spring, as all the railroads over which they travel have agreed to give them half rates during the coming season.

Larry Corcoran is pitching great ball for the New Yorks this season, and the chances are that his work will prove equal to if not better than it was during his best days with the Chicago Club.

Washington has set a corner of their grounds to the side for the boys, which has been dubbed "kid corner." Last year the 16-cent admission revenue of the boys netted the club something over \$2,000.

A big-headed Nashville tailor has taken a cheap and novel way of advertising himself by offering to present a pair of pants to the first man on the Nashville team that makes a home run this season.

The Athletics of Philadelphia have offered the Newarks \$500 for Greenwood's release. This is the man that the Brooklyn had and released because they thought he was not good enough for them.

How pleasant it would be if there was only a Union Association in existence at present, so that some few of the players not satisfied with the limit would have a place to land in case they felt inclined to jump.

The Bostonians will beyond a doubt make a big fight this season for the championship pennant, which lies between the New York, Chicago and Boston clubs. The latter, however, is considered the dark horse.

Unless we are pretty badly mistaken, the Metropolitans are going to make the championship pennant of the American Association a pretty hard rag for the other competitors to win during the coming season.

Sam Weaver has gotten himself into great shape for the season's campaign, by taking a 10-mile run every day this spring in order to rid himself of his surplus flesh, and he has succeeded most admirably.

If the 1,500-mile jump from Boston to Kansas City don't make the Bean eaters tired, then they should by all means win the pennant, as it is only men of rare grit that can take a trip of this sort without a murmur.

Little Stricker, formerly of the Athletics of Philadelphia, is becoming a great favorite with the people of Atlanta, Ga., where he is covering second base for the present and coming champions of the Southern League.

The Philadelphia are showing up in pretty good shape this season, and the chances are that they will make it interesting for the League clubs this season. They will hardly win the pennant, but they will get pretty close to the top.

If Anson did less bulldozing and more ball playing he would be one of the most popular men in the business. As it is, however, everybody is dead on to him, and he gets it from the whole crowd, even to the kids working the knot holes.

The weight of the Chicago team aggregates twenty-five hundred pounds. If weight has anything to do with winning the pennant the Chicagoes will surely get it, as there is not another club in the country that can compare with them in heft.

What is all this howl about issuing special ladies' invitations without charge for admission, in order to prevent objectionable female characters from attending the Baltimore games? Can it be possible that Barnie has turned over a new leaf?

Rain is all that saved Anson and his followers from disgrace recently at Atlanta, as the Pittsburgs had them 6 to 0 in the fourth inning when the rain came on. Is this the great team that is going to beat the New Yorks and win the championship?

Mickey Welch has been training the Amherst College boys during the past winter. It is to be hoped that he

will not be broken up from over-exertion for half the coming season, as Jack Lynch was last year, after spending the winter coaching the Princeton College boys.

Frank Bancroft thinks the Detroit will be lucky if they get as high in the League race as fourth place, that all their players had weights tied to their feet when they ran the bases, and that if Jim White saw a \$100 gold piece laying on the second base he would not hurry.

The style in which the Brooklyn club batted Sunday last at Ridgewood Park is enough to make all the aspirants for the American Association pennant shudder at the very thought. Shappert was pounded all over the field to such an extent that the crowd begged for mercy.

So Big Anson thinks that it was only by dumb luck that the New Yorks got as high as second place last year, and that both the Detroit and Boston will go ahead of them this year. That is pretty clever for Anson, who of course has the nerve to give first place to Chicago.

The American Association ought to have a few more lawyers to advise them who know as much about law as Caylor and Phelps, and it is dollars to cents that they would get the Association in such a tangle that they would never recover from the snarl into which they would be plunged.

The Washington enthusiast who saw the Nationals practice and put up his roll that they would win two out of the first three games with Boston, must feel pretty blue around the gills since the Nationals have been so badly knocked out on several occasions by the Metropolitans of Staten Island.

The management of the Pittsburg Club is now sorry that it did not resign from the American Association and take advantage of one of the vacancies in the National League. Their prob was knocked completely from under them when the Association deprived them of the services of President McKnight.

Philadelphia supports just 113 amateur clubs. With other cities in proportion, what on earth will the baseball business be in a few years from this? The old professionals had better soak away their bubble while they have a chance, as it will only be a question of time until the youngsters crowd them out of the business.

Morrill is not a crank, but he is of the opinion that if the Bostonians wear blue caps with white stripes, the same as they wore in 1883, when they won the championship, that it will give the boys good luck, and that they will get there again. It is a wonder that he don't have a small green patch sewed on to each man's trousers to give the boys luck.

Billy Bryan did not lay solid with the Charleston people, and the fact is that the sporting fraternity were not heart broken when he met with an injury which retired him for the remainder of the season. The Charleston people have come to the front and are determined to have a first-class representative club in the Southern League if money can get it.

The types of Detroit from handling the scores without a free use of soap, have caught the contagion in the worst way and are now all suffering with that malignant fever brought into the city by the "big four."

A ball nine is actually being organized among the knights of the type and before the close of the season they propose making their whereabouts known.

Unfortunately, the rumor which reached us last winter that Tom Sullivan, formerly of the St. Louis Browns, had both of his hands frozen off during one of the cold waves, is actually true. Sullivan has made his appearance in St. Louis with four fingers on one hand and five on the other missing. This is pitiable, and the boys should lose no time in getting him up a trousing benefit.

The cranks are beginning to bid forth with the warm spring days, and letters with suggestions of how to place the teams, who to retain and who to release, what pitchers and catchers to place in the field against certain clubs, etc., etc., are being received by the cart-load by all the baseball managers throughout the country, as well as the baseball reporters connected with the leading papers.

Black, the left fielder of the Memphis Club, is a crack shot, but he has really no idea of game. He was out hunting a short time since, and seeing Colgan, catcher of the Memphis Club, whom he mistook for a baboon, he leveled his gun and gave it to him in the side. Colgan dropped like a hot potato, and Black was quite disappointed when he came up, because he had wasted his ammunition and Colgan wasn't game.

Will the Detroit people ever take a drop and stop howling about their club and the "big four?" The truth of the matter is that the Detroit Club is only an experimental team, that will probably play a great game one day and crawl back into their shells the next. It is only an aggregation of big players that may not pull together at all, as it is about every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost.

Burns, of Newark, will find himself in pretty fast company if he tries his monkey business with many of the Metropolitans. He imagined that he was a fighter and did not pay any attention to Roseman when he told him to break away, but after the big chief took him by the throat and choked his tongue out about four inches he came to the conclusion that Roseman came pretty near knowing what he was talking about.

Four thousand people on a cold rainy Sunday to witness an exhibition game with an almost unknown club looks pretty much as though the Brooklyn club would meet with great success at their Sunday games. Four thousand under these circumstances means 10,000 when they play a championship game on Sunday at Ridgewood, as the ground can be easily reached from any part of Brooklyn, and in twelve minutes from Thirty-fourth street, New York, by the Manhattan Beach Road.

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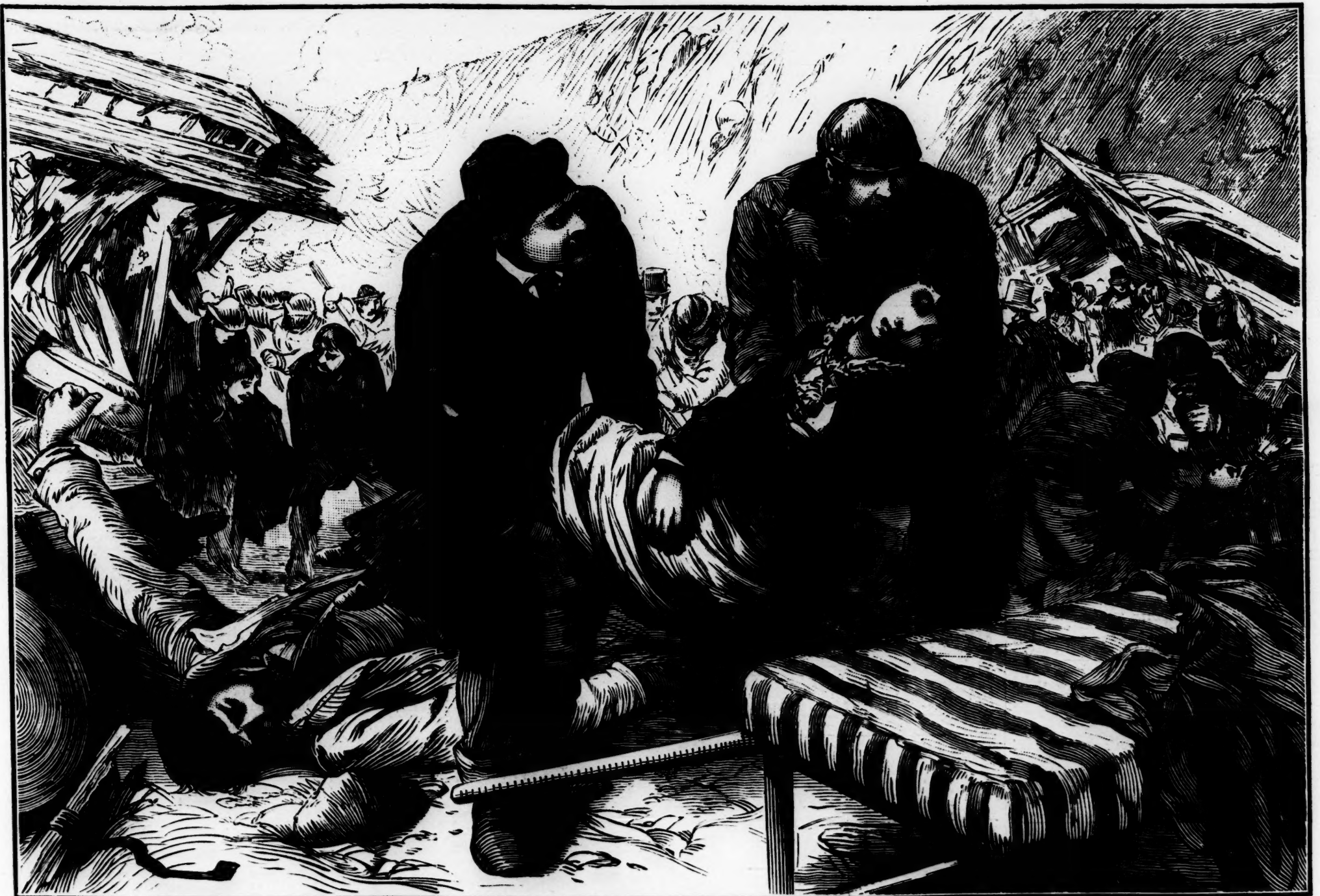
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